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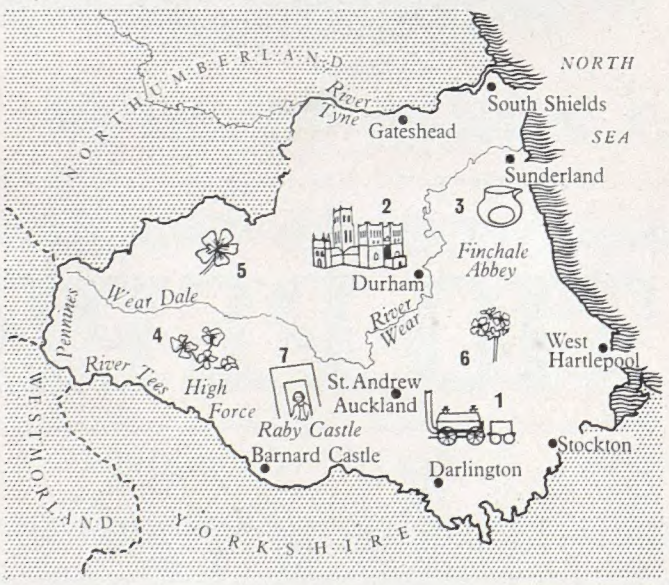
Painted by Kenneth Rowntree

Shell guide to DURHAM



The southerner thinks of Co. Durham as an industrial wilderness. It may have its pits, its spoil-heaps, its desolation, as well as its great modern factories. It may be associated with the famous No. 1 Locomotive (1), at Darlington Station, which pulled the first train of the Stockton and Darlington Railway in 1825. But Co. Durham also has uncontaminated moorland and green-edged becks, and Finchale Abbey, and the black-nocked waterfall of High Force, and rock-perched Durham Cathedral (2), one of the grandest and severest of the early medieval buildings of Europe.

Treasures include the Roman tombstone to a Moorish freedman, carved enjoying his supper, in the museum at South Shields (the Roman fort of Arbeia); the Anglo-Saxon cross at St Andrew Auckland; the embroidered maniple of St Cuthbert, in the cathedral museum at Durham; and the pictures (among them canvases by Goya) in England's most improbable art gallery, the Bowes Museum at Barnard Castle, housed in a huge imitation château above the Tees and the limestone moors.

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> Strong is the lion – like a coal
> His eyeball – like a bastion's mole
> His chest against the foes . . .

who spent much of his boyhood at Durham and round Raby Castle.

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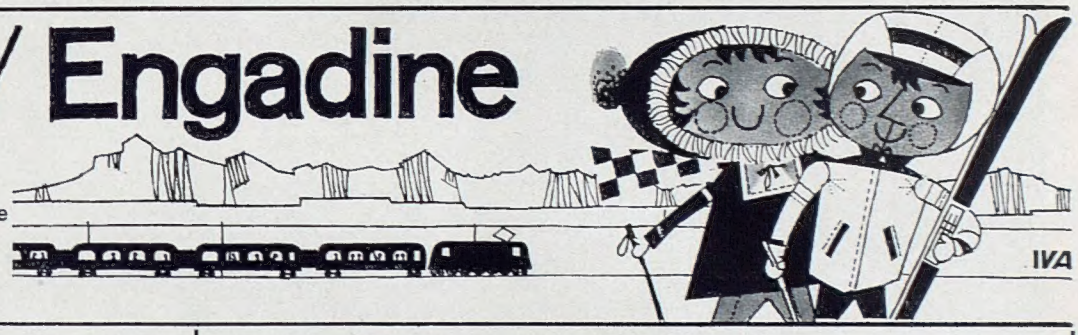

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Volume CCLI No. 3264 LONDON, December 22, 1962

THE SPHERE

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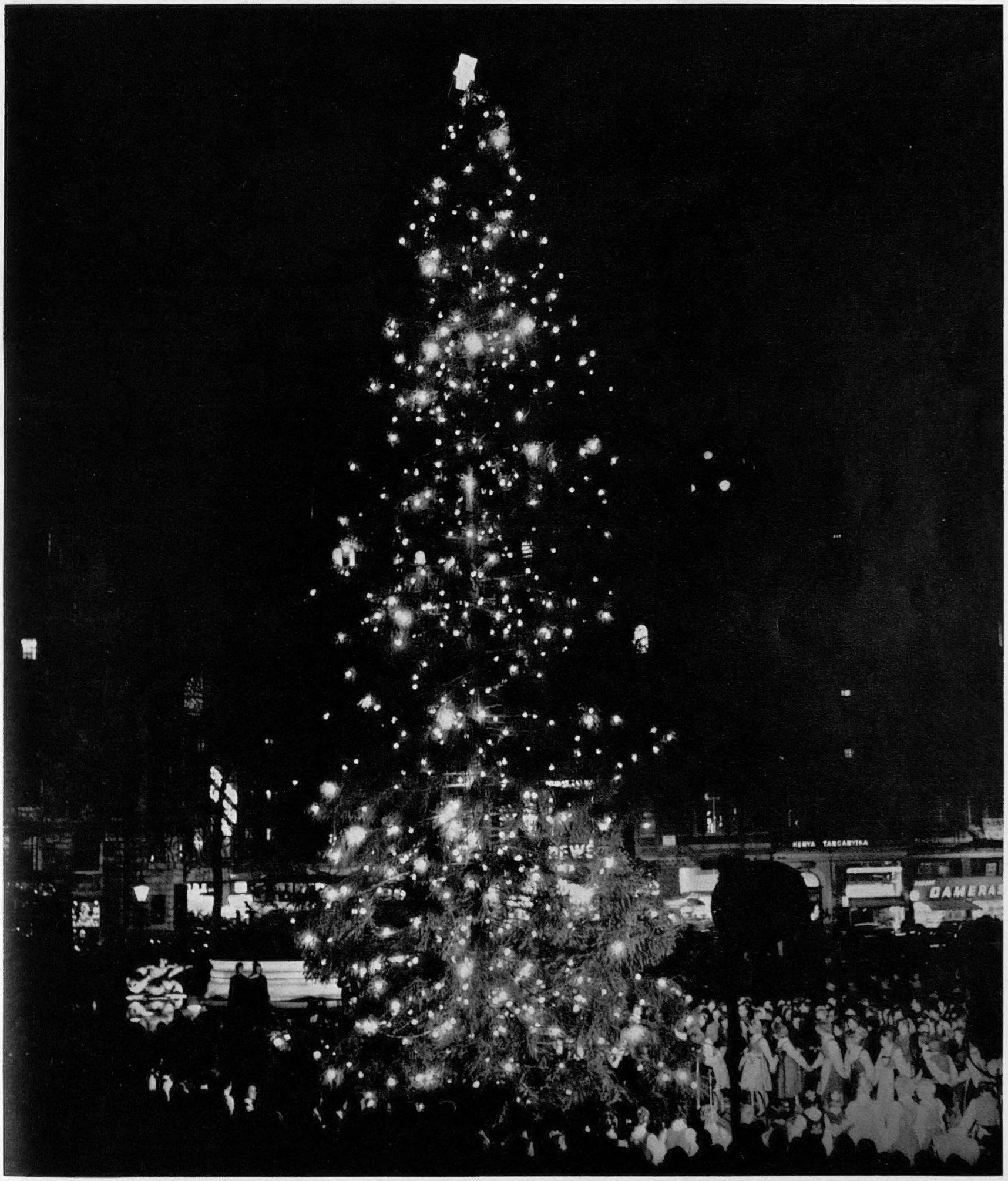

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Now one of London's favourite symbols of Christmas, the 60-ft. high tree in Trafalgar Square is spangled with lights. The ceremony of switching on was performed last week by Mr. Arne Skaug, the Norwegian Ambassador in London, and a Norwegian girls' choir sang carols while a large crowd of sightseers watched. The tree is a gift from the people of Oslo. Its lights and those of the decorations in the streets give to London a festive and seasonal glitter

LONDON LIGHTS FOR CHRISTMAS

COMPLETING THE GAP ON THE NEW MEDWAY BRIDGE

A 100-foot-long pre-stressed concrete beam is lowered into place from an overhead gantry to join the two halves of the new Medway Bridge across the River Medway in Kent. The operation marked the final stage last week in the completion of the bridge's central cantilevered span of 500 feet. This is the longest span of its type to be built. Constructed at a cost of £2,750,000, the bridge will carry the M.2 Motorway across the Medway Valley at a maximum height of 115 feet above the river. The dual, two-lane carriageways will be separated by a steel barrier and an anti-dazzle screen. Leaving the A.2 London-Dover Road near Strood and rejoining it just beyond Faversham, the M.2 is designed to by-pass the congested Medway towns

Below right: At a London Boys' Club, Prince Philip is shown the canoe being made by John Holland (right), a member of the club. Last week, as Patron of the London Federation of Boys' Clubs, the Duke of Edinburgh visited Stowe Club for Boys, Harringay Boys' Club and the Inns of Court Mission in Drury Lane. Earlier in the day, in a busy programme of engagements, Prince Philip had toured a number of firms in Essex

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND A CANOE-MAKER

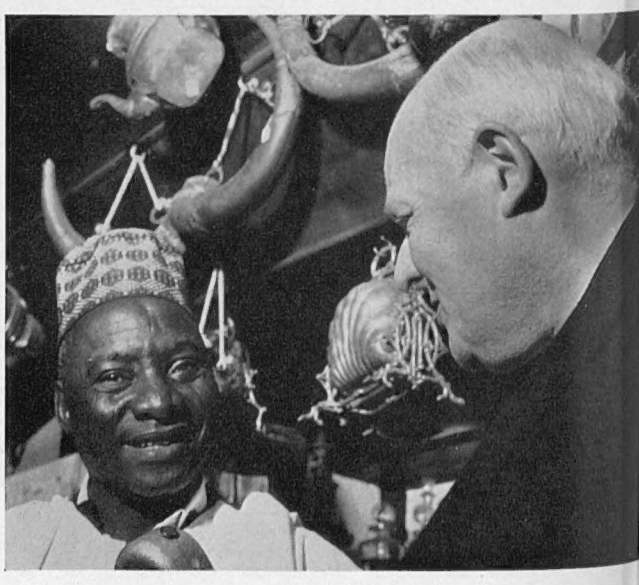
Far right: At Hong Kong International Airport, the Duke and Duchess of Kent are re-united. With her baby son, the Earl of St. Andrews, the Duchess of Kent arrived by air in Hong Kong last week. The Duke of Kent has been stationed in the colony with his regiment, the Royal Scots Greys, since his arrival there during November

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT IN HONG KONG

Below right: In Washington, Mr. Harman, Israeli Ambassador to the U.S., and Mr. Dean Rusk, U.S. Secretary of State, sign the U.S.-Israeli Extradition Convention. Negotiated earlier this year, the convention generally follows the pattern of extradition agreements to which the U.S. is a party. Shortly after taking part in the ceremony last week, Mr. Rusk travelled to Paris in order to participate in the NATO Ministers' Conference

MR. DEAN RUSK BEFORE LEAVING FOR PARIS

Far right: Alhaji Saadu Alanamu, the Agent-General for Northern Nigeria, is with Sir Cyril Black, Conservative M.P. for Wimbledon, at the opening of an exhibition in The Old Curiosity Shop in Portsmouth Street, London, intended to focus attention on conditions in underdeveloped countries. Sir Cyril is the Chairman of the Flying Doctor Service of Africa which has recently started its operations in Northern Nigeria



AN EXHIBITION ON UNDERDEVELOPED COUNTRIES

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

MOROCCANS VOTE FOR A DEMOCRATIC CONSTITUTION

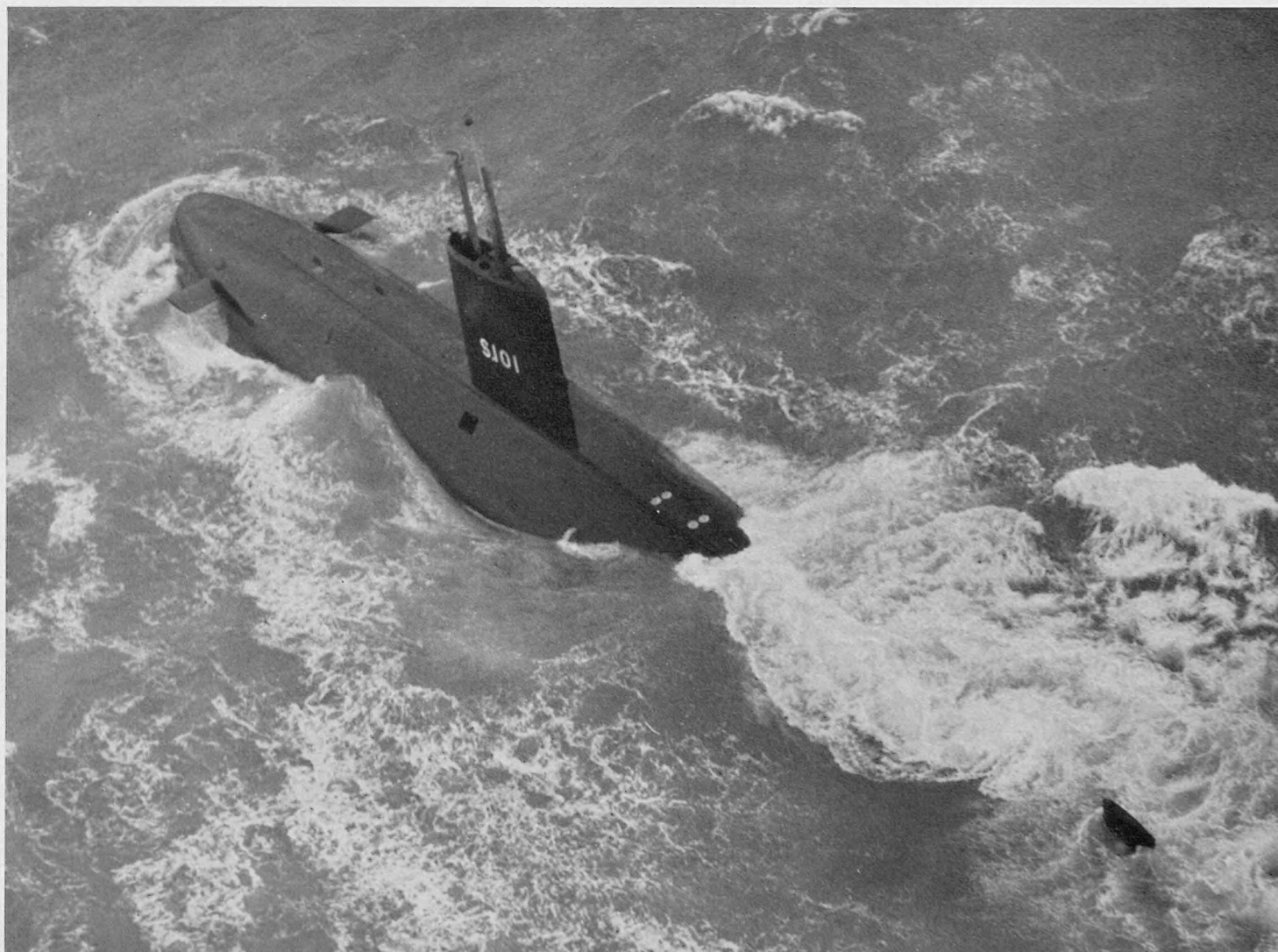
A polling officer signals across the room in a polling station in Rabat during the voting in the referendum on the new Moroccan constitution. This aims to transform the old autocratic monarchy into a democratic constitutional monarchy with an elected parliament. In the referendum the people were asked by King Hassan either to accept or reject the new constitution. Out of an electorate of 4,580,000, there was a vote of 95 per cent. in favour. For many Moroccans it was the first time they had ever recorded a vote and polling officers, especially in the rural areas, had frequently to explain the voting procedure to electors

PORTUGAL'S PREMIER HANDS OVER DEFENCE MINISTRY

Dr. Salazar (right), the Prime Minister of Portugal, prepares to speak at the ceremony in Lisbon in which he gave up the Ministry of Defence. He had held this portfolio jointly with the Premiership. Applauding him is General Gomes de Araujo, the new Minister of Defence

DEFENCE TALKS IN LONDON

Far right: Mr. Thorneycroft (right), Britain's Defence Minister, greets Mr. McNamara, the United States Secretary of Defence, at London Airport. In Whitehall they had vital discussions regarding the future of the Skybolt missile, scheduled for the Royal Air Force (see also John Connell, on page 450)



DREADNOUGHT GOES TO SEA

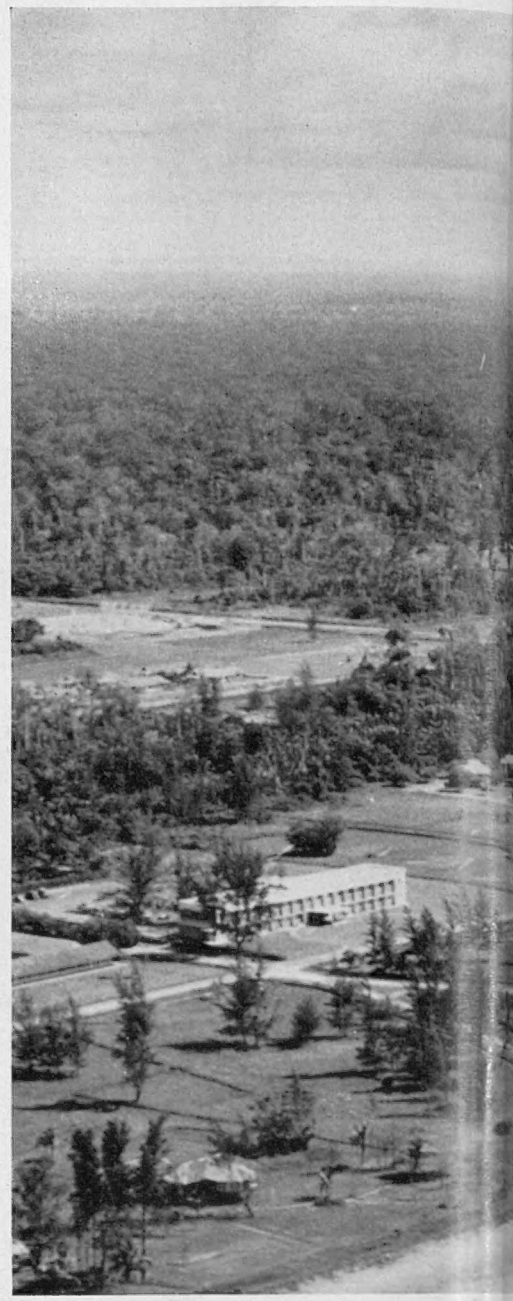
The *Dreadnought*, a sleek, whale-like shape, moves through choppy water in Morecambe Bay. The 3,000-ton nuclear submarine started her sea trials last week, having moved out from her berth in Barrow-in-Furness. Tests had been postponed a day because a brief break occurred in her communications system. On board *Dreadnought* for her sea trials was her full complement of 11 officers and 77 men, plus 20 technicians from her builders, Vickers-Armstrongs. Britain's first nuclear submarine is due to be commissioned early next year. She is designed as a hunter/killer submarine, with high underwater speed and endurance, to engage enemy underwater craft. Thus she does not carry missiles like the U.S. Polaris submarines do. Last week, it was announced that a third British nuclear submarine had been ordered by the Admiralty. Like *Valiant*, Britain's second nuclear submarine, she will be built by Vickers-Armstrongs and will be entirely British in construction

Troops of the Queen's Own Highlanders run from their aircraft after arriving in Brunei as reinforcements

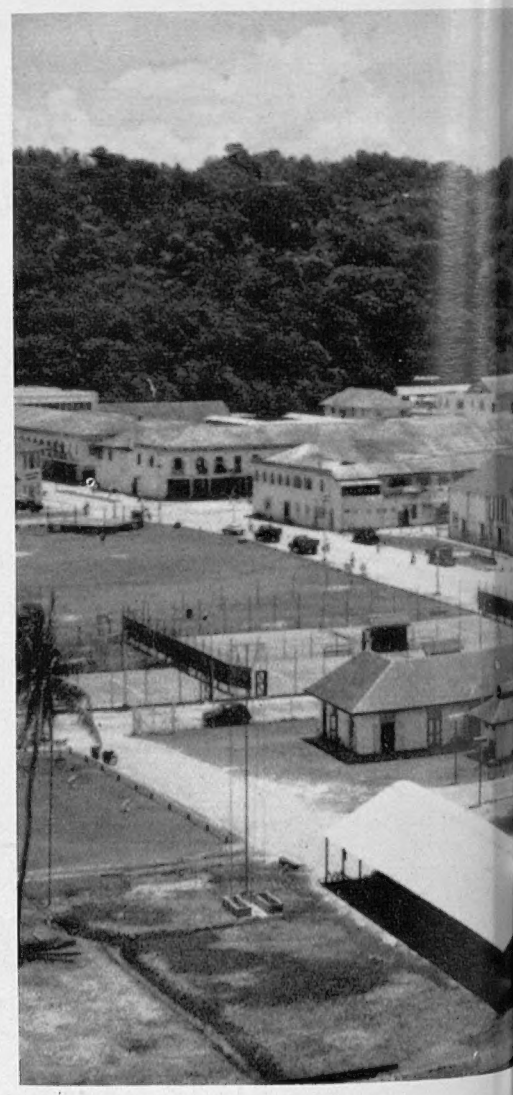
REVOLT IN BRUNEI

By Friday of last week the armed revolt in the protectorate of Brunei, which began the previous Saturday, seemed to have ceased to be a serious threat to the Sultan's regime. Lieutenant-General Sir Nigel Poett, Commander-in-Chief Far East Land Forces, said in Singapore that the first phase of the revolt had collapsed, but it was difficult to tell whether there would be a drawn-out guerrilla campaign in the jungle. Commentators indulged in a variety of speculation on the meaning of the rebellion, which seemed to have taken the authorities by surprise. The main candidates for outside instigators of the rebels seemed to be the Philippines or Indonesia, although there was a shortage of evidence. The main target of the rebellion was the valuable Brunei oil installations, which the rebels held for a few days. The self-proclaimed leader of the revolt, Sheikh Azahari, whose Party Raayat won last August's elections, stated from the Philippines that opposition to the Malaysia plan was the chief aim of the revolt.

The mosque in Brunei Town, built by the Sultan for his people with money from oil revenues

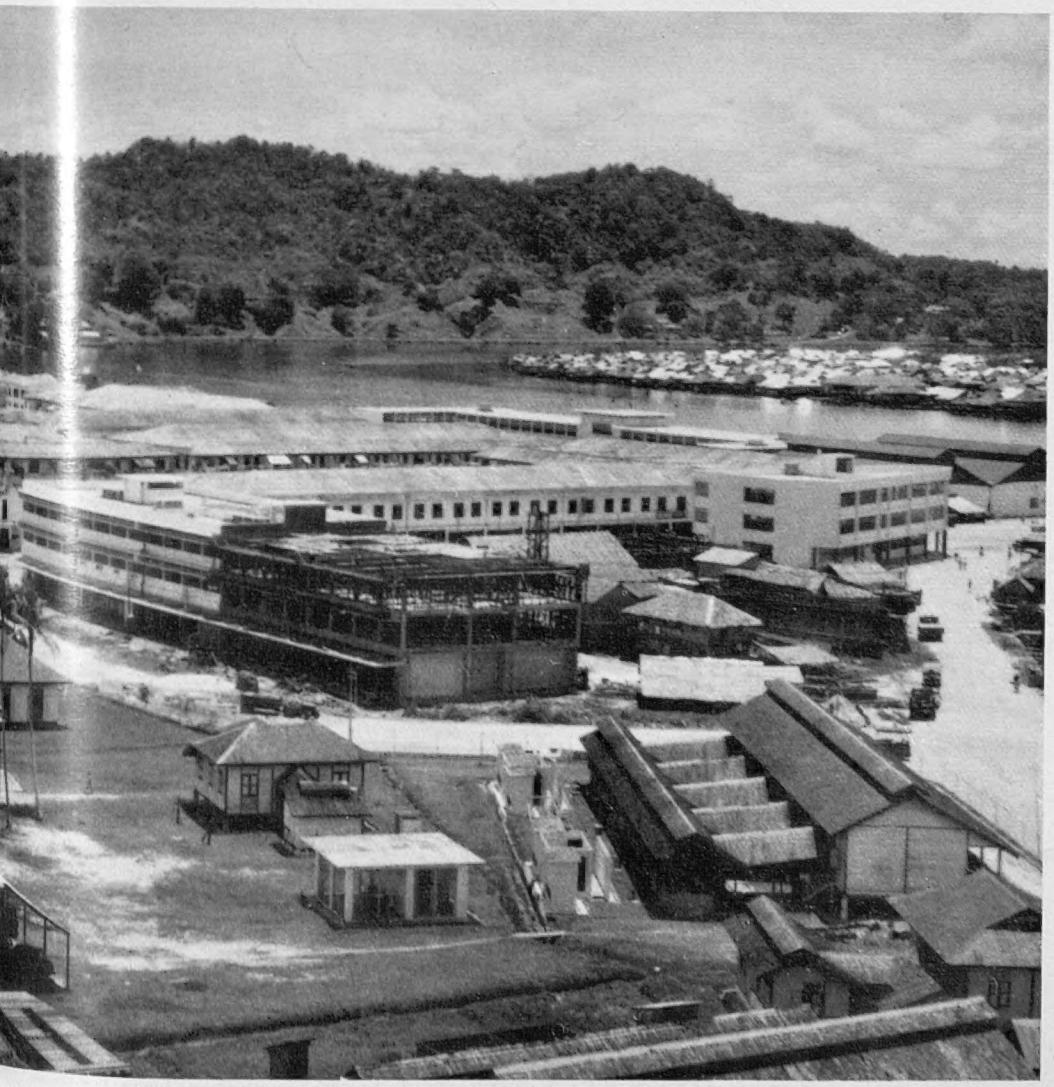


A general view of the oilfield and town of Seria, w



Brunei Town, the capital, where there was str

s captu ed by the rebels for a few days during the revolt. The field has an output of about 4 million tons per annum



hting, and an abortive attack on the Sultan's palace

The shopping centre of the oil town of Seria

Kuala Belait, another town captured by the rebels

BIRTH OF A NEW REPUBLIC

Celebrations in Tanganyika a year after independence

Dr. Julius Nyerere, Tanganyika's first President, addresses Parliament in Dar-es-Salaam. Next to him is Mrs. Nyerere. **Right :** Mr. Kawawa is sworn in as Vice-President

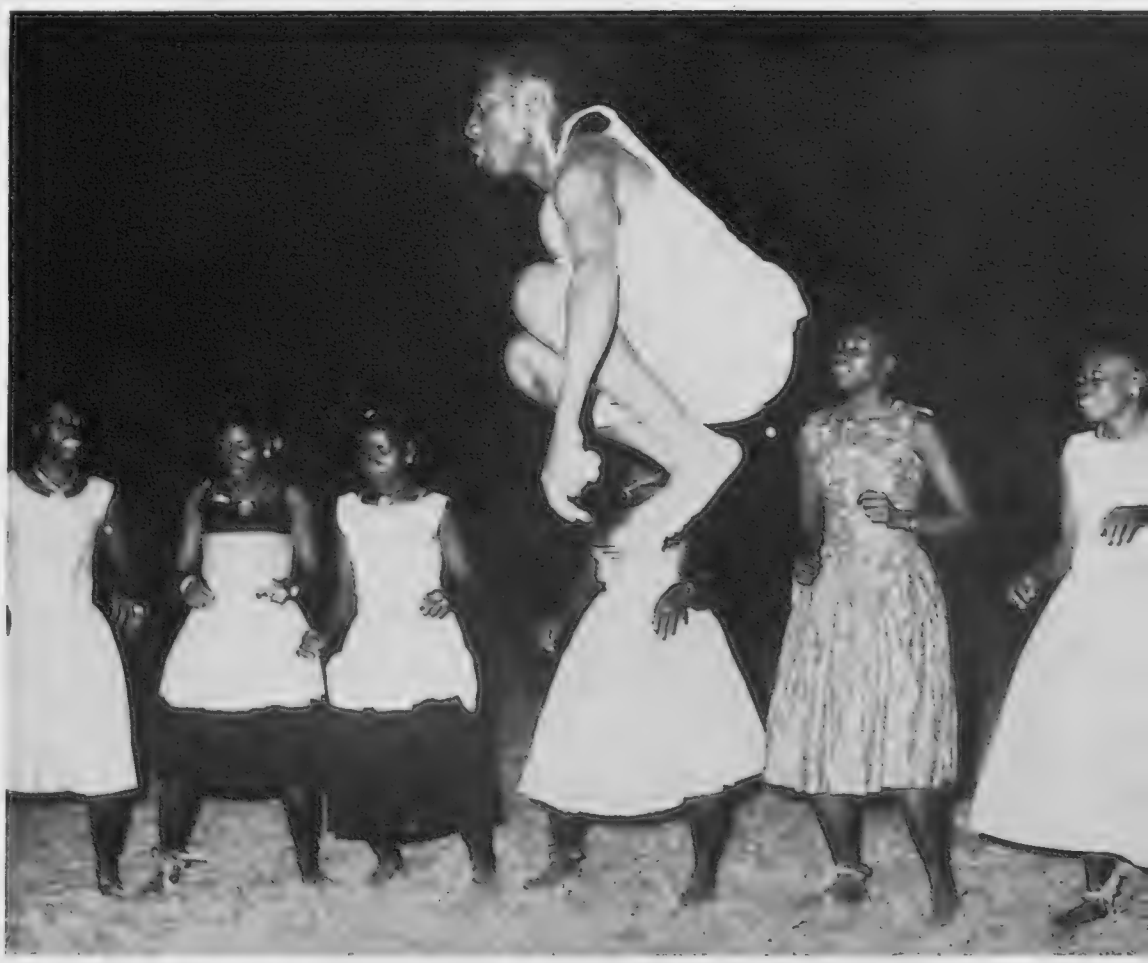
Sir Richard Turnbull, Governor-General of Tanganyika from Independence in December, 1961, is with his wife on the launch taking them to their ship. They left Tanganyika shortly befor

The Duke of Devonshire, Minister of State at the Commonwealth Relations Office, watches the Republic tattoo with Sir Neil Pritchard, the British High Commissioner in Tanganyika, and his wife

t the tattoo a drummer of the Ha tribe beats a salute.

Right: Anointing President Nyerere with watered flour in the swearing-in ceremony

ame a Republic. **Above:** Crowds wave them goodbye on the shore



Dances during the tattoo which preceded the raising of the Republican flag at midnight on December 8

JOHN CONNELL

THE TRUE SIGNIFICANCE OF WEST POINT

In politics, on the international as much as on the national plane, nostalgia is the most facile and the most delusive of moods. We contemplate our past (if our minds are healthy) not to extract self-satisfaction but to learn the lessons, often harsh but salutary, which it can teach. One of the most unlikeable and dangerous facets of life in Britain today is the prevalence of nostalgia. It is both insistent and insidious; and the reaction against it, into a sour " history-is-bunk " posture, is no more salubrious or attractive.

Therefore I, for one, found more to welcome than to yelp at in hurt protest in Mr. Dean Acheson's outspoken observations at West Point earlier this month. First, since it was held that these observations would be bound to affect markedly the emotional and intellectual climate surrounding Mr. Macmillan's visits to Rambouillet and to the Bahamas, and since they have been so distorted, taken out of their context, that Mr. Acheson has been made to seem a kind of perverse anti-Britannia, it might be as well to be quite clear about what, in fact, he did say.

In the course of a long and very vigorous exposition of his views on Western strategy and diplomacy, delivered at West Point Military Academy, the former Secretary of State, who is now an adviser to President Kennedy, said: " Great Britain has lost an empire and not yet found a role. The attempt to play a separate power role—that is, a role apart from Europe, a role based on a ' special relationship ' with the United States, a role based on being the head of a ' Commonwealth ' which has no political structure, or unity, or strength, and enjoys a fragile and

From the left are General Norstad, the outgoing Supreme Allied Commander, Europe, General Lemnitzer, his successor, who takes over on January 1, and Admiral Earl Mountbatten, Britain's Chief of Defence Staff, in Paris during the NATO meetings

precarious economic relationship by means of the sterling area and preferences in the British market—this role is about played out."

These are stinging words, I admit, but none the less true. It was curious therefore (though some might regard it as one more manifestation of an occasional and uncharacteristic tendency to strive for an easy, cheaply bought popularity) that the Prime Minister, in answer to a choleric bellow of rage from the Institute of Directors, should have found it necessary to compare Mr. Acheson to certain notorious critics and opponents of this country, such as Philip of Spain, Louis XIV, Napoleon, the Kaiser and Hitler. For, after all, Mr. Acheson was only giving a succinct and quite fair assessment of the policy of adjusting to the wind of change, which Mr. Macmillan and his colleagues have preached and striven to put into practice over the past few years.

As Lord Coleraine has wisely observed: how often in recent years have not we, in Parliament and in the Press and elsewhere, criticised General de Gaulle for dwelling too much in the past, and insisting upon an independent role for France which we ourselves think to be illusory? Are we not the victims of the same kind of illusion? And is it not time that we braced ourselves to face the world as it is? All that Mr. Acheson did was to show us that we deceive only ourselves and nobody else.

Mr. Macmillan, let us hope, despite his rather infelicitous public retort to Mr. Acheson, is in private a good deal more practical and a good deal more realistic. For in this post-Cuba phase realism is the most essential of all qualities in the always delicate and complex task of conducting Anglo-American relations at the highest level.

President Kennedy has taken the measure of his own achievement over Cuba, and he knows perfectly well (and I suspect that Mr. Macmillan is in agreement with him) that he has the opportunity now to move on to a solid, broadly-based settlement between the Western Alliance and the Soviet Union. The temptation to achieve a Russo-American agreement, over the heads of the U.S.A.'s allies, without consultation with them and without any particularly tender consideration of their outlook and their interests, could be quite strong. But President Kennedy has shown that he possesses in abundance the courage, the restraint, and the shrewd, deft sense of statesmanship, to overcome it. Clearly he has chosen the more difficult and more honourable technique of attempting to take his allies along with him, in general strategic, and if possible close tactical, support of his endeavour.

Britain's part in this endeavour is important, difficult to play, perhaps even more difficult to describe. Diplomacy is inextricably entangled in nuclear strategy; and the development of a practical strategy depends, to a formidable extent, on the degree of economic and constitutional integration that Western Europe is both desirous and capable of attaining. Therefore all major issues merge; the settlement of all is implicit in the settlement of each one; the breakdown of any one link jeopardises the whole chain. This is why the delays and complications over Britain's entry into EEC, and the sudden emergence of the Skybolt controversy in an acute form, are singularly unfortunate and matter so much more than Mr. Dean Acheson's strictures.

American defence policy has two principal objectives, so far as Western Europe is concerned. The first is to get a sizeable increase in NATO's conventional forces; and the second is to end the transatlantic nuclear gap by assisting to build up a multilateral European nuclear force. Washington let it be known, earlier this month, that a number of plans exists for the establishment of such a force, and that the Administration is willing to discuss any proposal that its allies may choose to advance. The initiative however, so the Americans insist, must come from Europe; but among the plans completed by the beginning of December was one for a nuclear force without an American veto or active American participation. In view of previous American attitudes, this was pretty breathtaking. But one condition was said to be attached, which the Americans said they must regard as imperative: Britain's entry into the European Economic Community. Without British membership there could be no question of the United States making nuclear weapons or information available for other nations. Furthermore, if Britain were to be finally excluded from Europe, much of American political and economic policy would have to be revised.

Much is therefore at stake; and it ought to be clear that France's position, at this stage, is of crucial importance. One fundamental question is still unanswered after all the weary months of discussion in Brussels; does General de Gaulle really want to maintain (in Mr. Macmillan's phrase) a position similar to that of Napoleon I after Austerlitz, with Britain—either hostile or uncommitted—out on the periphery of a Europe under French supervision and leadership? Or is he, in spite of all his stubborn manoeuvring, ultimately willing to concede that Britain has a place in Europe, on terms which her Parliament and people would find tolerable?

If French intransigence—and with the best will in the world it is impossible to find any other appropriate noun for the conduct of de Gaulle's representatives at Brussels in recent weeks—finally and irrevocably excludes Britain from the European Economic Community, there will be a heavy price to pay in the strategic readjustments which the United States (and Britain) will be compelled to make.

What the Americans have finally set their minds against is any further increase in the number of independent, sovereign states possessing nuclear or thermonuclear weapons of their own. This, for reasons which Mr. McNamara, the U.S. Secretary of Defence, and President Kennedy both regard as permanently valid, they will do as much as they can to prevent; but they have—since Cuba—come to regard a European multilateral nuclear force as a viable alternative.

It is by no means a perfect solution to their principal defence problem; they would (I think) greatly prefer, in the final analysis, a large increase in Western Europe's conventional forces, up to the once-promised scale of 30 allied divisions deployed between the Alps and the Baltic. But that supremely optimistic target recedes further and further beyond the horizon of practical politics; and the United States is forced reluctantly to accept a situation in which, while 3.6 per cent. of the total American labour force is under arms, Western Europe has some 2.5 per cent. similarly employed. The corollary is the emergence of the costly idea of a multilateral nuclear force.

Yet this is now producing its own politico-strategic dilemma; for it is only viable, from the British point of view, if the R.A.F. gets its promised quota of Skybolt missiles. The U.S. Defence Department is anxious, on grounds both of expense and of questionable efficiency (Skybolt has already cost about £178 million, and its development lags far behind that of either the newer model of the Polaris submarine weapon or Minuteman, the underground projectile), to scrap it. But this would mean the virtual extinction of Bomber Command, and indeed of Britain's possession of a nuclear deterrent.

Seldom, I imagine, has the Christmas season produced a more complex jigsaw puzzle. There is one consolation: it is the kind of puzzle which exhilarates the Prime Minister and brings out the best in his subtle and powerful intelligence. Its challenge is great, and the risks inherent in a failure to solve it are grave.

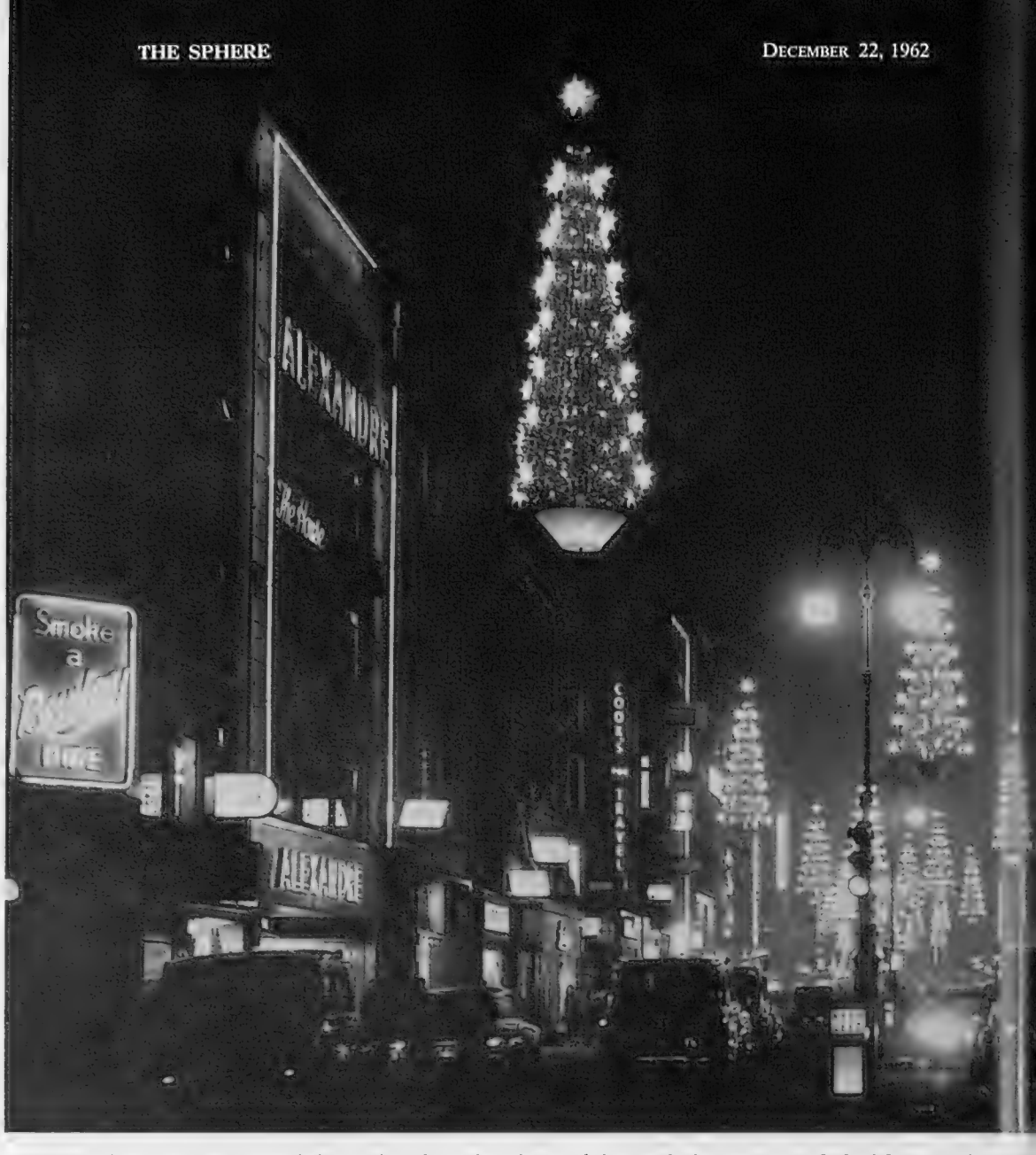
In Bethlehem—" the little town " from which Christmas derives

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2.

HOPES OF A DYING YEAR. A happy Christmas to all readers of the Newsletter for the 36th year running. It comes but once a year and the bishops and commuters say it lasts too long. We seem to have forgotten long since that the Day is December, not November, 25. Let us pray that some of the Advent armour of light and sanity may be among our Christmas 1962 presents. For now it is high time to awake out of sleep and nightmares, and it really seems possible that our salvation from total Bedlam may be nearer than we believe. The doctrine of the inevitability of reaction in human nature (even from *innocent* recreations) is humanity's safeguard against a return to barbarism. Some see proofs that even the most aggressive are growing bored with perpetual instigation to war, and would welcome a reduction in tension, even at the risk of their own reputations as leaders. It is being borne in on them, as a result of prodding from their peoples, that a sense of security is a necessary condition to obtaining a fuller life and fuller belly and that these things may be even more urgent and attractive to living generations than sovereignty (whatever that may mean) in a world that has become a single built-up area. In short, that the arts of peace are no less renowned than war. In the sphere of " culture," others see hope that the public is getting tired of what they consider to be meaningless art and is beginning to realise that it has been fooled long enough by nimble art dealers and smart critics. However that may be, let us hope that before Christmas 1963 some of the many forms of litter that uglify the world's face may have been collected into the receptacles provided, and that humanity may have regained some degree of sanity, dignity and commonsense. It's a big Christmas hope. Perhaps it will come off this time. Anyway, hope is not taxed.

COMMONSENSE. And, talking of commonsense, it seems odder and odder to me that our national genius, which has contributed so much to the development of nuclear power, is either incapable of, or too proud or busy to stoop to, inventing a rat-trap. I suggest that a very modest scientist, if he devoted his whole time to it, could invent a nearly foolproof trap to catch or deter the rats who so often nibble pay packets worth thousands of pounds —and thrive on it—whether the device be a simple pepper sprayer for outdoor " incidents " or something lethal, on the pattern of medieval treasure chests, for strong-rooms and safes. Crimson paint sprayers also would be valuable for identification. Of course half these daily incidents involving so much money would have been impossible, if salaries were all paid by cheque. Now at last an Act of Parliament encourages this commonsense and time-saving method but neither employer nor employee is compelled to accept it. For perhaps years to come, the office boy or the oldest employee will fetch or carry big sums of cash on the same day at the same hour along the well-known route, whistling or wheezing as he walks and without a thought that an evil beast might devour him. Perhaps, as a Christmas hope, the better bet is a return to sanity in global matters rather than the dawn of commonsense in domestic. For though luna-nauts are not lunatics, there is a strong case for scientists devoting some of their genius to curing smog or preventing the common cold before reaching for outer space. It's sloppy to leave one job half-finished when switching to another.

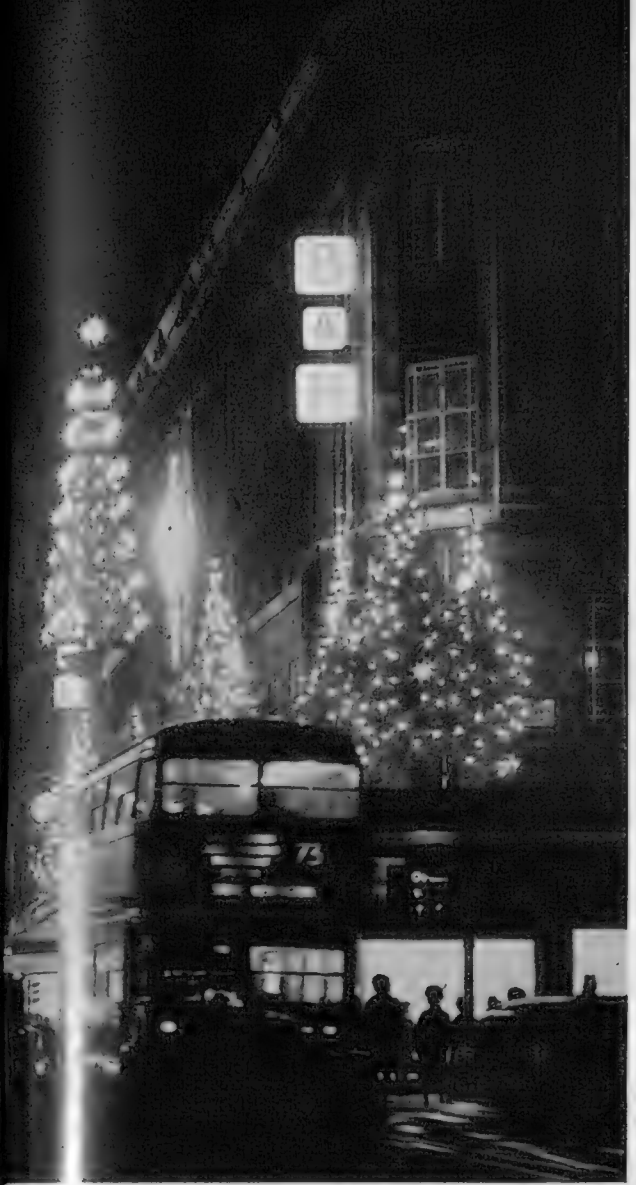


Glittering Christmas-trees suspended in mid air form the scheme of this year's decorations in Oxford Street and stret

TOO MANY PEOPLE. Most of us have noticed that at certain hours and seasons there appear to be too many people in Britain. Among other bodies, the Fabian Society has noticed it with anxiety, and has put out a plan to deal with the evil. It estimates that by the end of the century on current form our present 52 million will be increased by another ten million. It is generally accepted that about half that population is the safety level for this island, if we are not to be dependent on food imports for all but near-starvation rations; and every year more farmland is taken for housing and roads. The Fabians therefore suggest a large-scale emigration drive financed by our own and the appropriate Dominion Governments. No doubt, Australia, for example, would welcome our help in building new cities and industries and manning them in Australia. The trouble is that while they prefer British immigrants they want the best we can offer, and I don't blame them. They are not prepared to drain off the lees of our flowing cup, and we ourselves are not anxious to part with skilled workers and efficients. For the Fabian proposal to curtail family allowances beyond four children, there is something to be said in the present emergency. The hard cases of the ultra-progenitive could be dealt with adequately on a means-test basis by National Assistance. We are already the most crowded of the major nations and are making a lion's-share demand on the world's food supplies.

CEDANT ARMA TOGAE. By-elections can never be fun for everybody concerned. For those not locally and directly concerned, a measure of fun can be gained in a multiple-candidate poll. The Government's decision to introduce at once a short measure to curb the new fashion in escape from military service on the plea of standing for Parliament may deter some of the plethora of ex-service candidates for Rotherham, but if it is not on the statute book by the time of that by-election, we may still hope for at least a score of optimists seeking the favour of the electorate, on party or independent tickets. This fashion in escape from military service is at the moment a cheaper way of evading military duty than buying oneself out and will remain so as long as standing for Parliament is a valid excuse, even though all are pretty certain to forfeit £150. It is remarkable how quickly publicity can turn an individual stunt into a Gadarene rush. Even those who most strenuously support our " freedoms " probably agree that this particular stunt is a wasteful method of ensuring that no outstanding parliamentarian shall be denied the right to serve his country in another place. I hope Rotherham will have the chance to put the foolscap on it with a voting choice of at least 20 good men and true. *Cedant arma togae* is a dangerous slogan in a world under arms. Some think it a not very useful slogan in peace.

THE END OF ENDSLEIGH. The Russell family, of whom the Duke of Bedford is the head, have lately disposed of almost the whole of their remaining acreage in the West Country centred round Tavistock and Milton Abbot on both banks of the Tamar. The trustees of the 12th Duke, who died at Endsleigh, were faced with death duties in the region of £7,000,000 and not all of it is yet found. Nearly 5,000 acres of woodland were the first to go to private investors, and Endsleigh was disposed of to a syndicate, made up largely of anglers who appreciated the salmon fishing potential of the Tamar, which runs through that glorious and hidden paradise. I stayed there last June and shall, I hope, stay there again; for the long garden in its great cascaded glen is one of Britain's glories with its mighty and rare trees and flowering shrubs, though today but one survivor of the 40 gardeners employed by the 11th Duke remains to cope with its problems of preservation. Endsleigh and thousands of



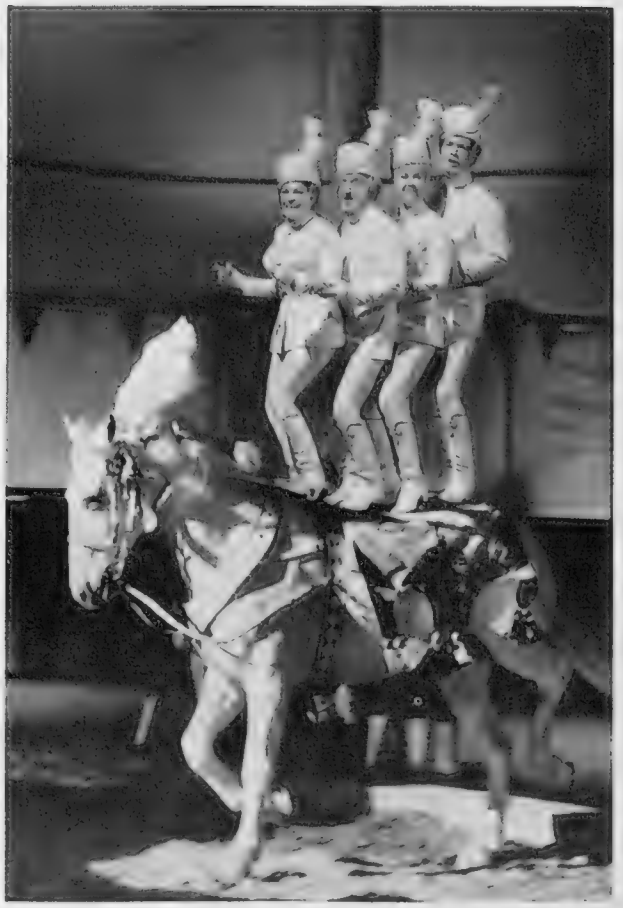
Marble ch in the west to St. Giles Circus in the east

The Magi are the theme of Regent Street's lights

acres round it, with a dozen miles of exclusive fishing rights on both banks of the Tamar, came to these Russells four centuries ago, and some decades before they acquired Woburn Abbey. Probably their first holding in the West Country was a small acreage (excluding Kingston Russell House where "Kiss-me" Hardy was born and J. L. Motley died) granted to the 2nd Earl by Queen Elizabeth I. Many of the Russells have greatly preferred Endsleigh to Woburn and to other Bedford and Buckinghamshire properties. Lord John would go there whenever he could spare the time and many of his letters in my possession are dated from there. The 11th Duke and his "flying" Duchess were devoted to it and she it was who glorified the glen garden. Their son, the 12th Duke, was equally devoted to it and turned the *Cottage Ornée* (for so it originally was) into a guest house during the months when he did not wish to be there. And a guest house it remains today, as comfortable and home-like and charming as any in England for discriminating and lucky anglers and a few outsiders no less discriminating.

THE OLD STAGER

The Queen arrives at the Odeon Theatre in Leicester Square, London, for the World Premiere of the film *Lawrence of Arabia* in aid of the Save the Children Fund and the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association. As usual, the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh and other members of the Royal Family will be spending Christmas this year at Sandringham, the Royal estate in Norfolk. The Queen's customary broadcast will be heard and seen on Christmas Day



A small American town in 1910—and "The Circus is on Parade." **Right:** The four stars of the musical on horseback—Martha Raye, Jimmy Durante, Doris Day and Stephen Boyd

ENTERTAINMENT

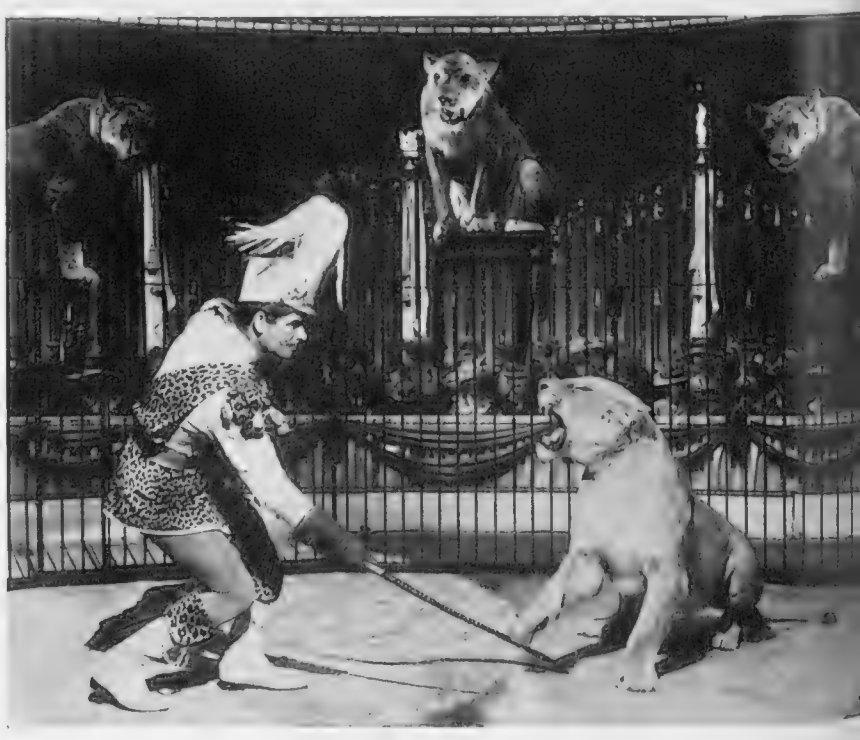
BILLY ROSE'S JUMBO

At the Empire, Leicester Square

Chosen for the opening of M.G.M.'s completely rebuilt and lavish new Empire, Leicester Square, is a circus musical in the tradition of the great M.G.M. musicals of the past. *Jumbo* is based on the original American musical of the same name, with music and lyrics by Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart, which ran on Broadway before the last war. It has a simple backstage story. Father and daughter, Pop and Kitty Wonder, have a one-ring circus, with one star, Jumbo the elephant. Pop loses all his money gambling. A rival circus-owner sends his son, Sam, to the Wonder Circus to prepare the way for a take-over aimed at securing Jumbo. Kitty and Sam fall in love, of course. And after many trials, it all ends happily. A lavish, colourful musical, with a splendid score, the film is apt choice for the opening of the new Empire, just before Christmas. This cinema, remodelled in part of the shell of the old Empire, has over 1,300 luxurious, self-adjusting seats.

Sam (Stephen Boyd) and Pop Wonder (Jimmy Durante). **Right:** Pop with his old friend, Madame Lulu (Martha Raye)

In the spectacular finale, the four stars appear as clowns



Sam tries his hand as an animal trainer

Kitty (Doris Day) swings high up in the Big Top

Kitty rehearses a seal in its balancing act

The main attraction of the circus is Jumbo the elephant

Pop persuades Madame Lulu to act as a human cannonball with dire results

Kitty sings " Over and Over Again " as the acrobats rehearse

THE VOICE OF THE COMMON

KENYA

Unpublicised aspects of a problem country

The more troubled aspects of contemporary Kenya are often given more publicity in the British Press than they perhaps deserve. This is not to gloss over the tribal and party rivalries, the grievous and disruptive problem of unemployment, or the genuine fears of the white settlers, but there is a constructive side of this beautiful, troubled land that is often ignored. Taking three examples, in education, commerce and agriculture, it can be seen that it is on positive efforts such as these that the foundation of an independent nation must eventually be based.

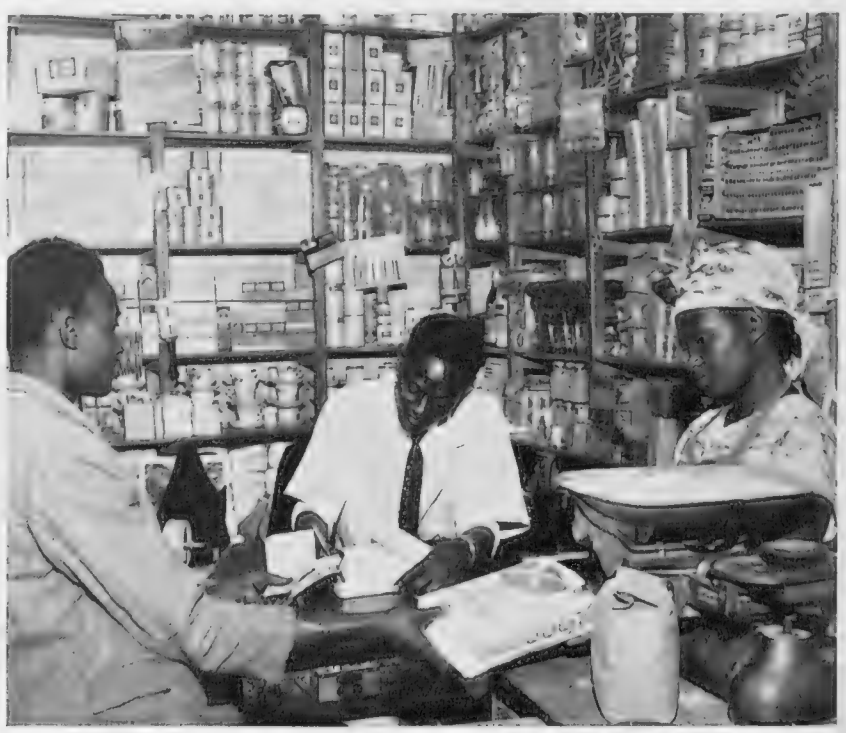
An expansion in the teaching of English in Asian and African Primary schools is given high priority in the field of education. The vast majority of Africans have no English in their home environment, only Swahili, or one of the many vernaculars. Many Asians talk only Gujerati in their homes. English, like Swahali, can help to provide the bond of a common tongue. But English is also a language capable of covering commerce, industry and technology, and opening needed contacts with the rest of the world. To this end a system called " The Peak Course " has been introduced. Under this English is used as an educational medium, instead of merely being taught as a second language. This way pupils learn to use English unconsciously, which is vital for secondary education. The technique involves organising the language round familiar objects and experience so as not to lose any meaning. A pilot scheme was introduced in eight Asian schools in 1958, after the necessary teachers had been trained, and soon spread to country districts. The success of the experiment caused it to be repeated in African schools, with similar satisfactory results.

Another interesting Kenya Government programme is the " Loans to Traders Scheme," which has been going in most areas since 1956. This has been described as the biggest single factor in helping Africans to establish themselves in business. It is administered by 26 Loans Boards, and has spread from the more populated to the remote areas, where cash transactions are something of a novelty. Loans are only granted to those already in business with simple account books, who can convince the Board that a loan of further capital would be of advantage to the enterprise. Although payments tend to fall behind, the advantages it has brought to Africans far outweigh any setbacks.

In the Cherangani Hills in Western Kenya Elgeyo and Marakwet tribesmen have discovered a valuable new source of wealth in the farming of wool-producing Corriedale sheep. These were introduced in 1956 on the initiative of Mr. Bill Spencer, the local Agricultural Officer. Previously the Marakwet had little use for their highlands, preferring the fertile soil of the forest areas to grow subsistence crops. The African farmers have now built up their flocks to around 3,000 sheep. New Zealand sheep farmers visiting the district have been impressed by the climatic conditions, and estimate that the Cheranganis have a potential carrying capacity of something like 50,000 sheep.

A view over a Marakwet sheep farm at Kimnai in the Cherangani Hills of Western Kenya

Visual aids are used in teaching Asian children at Nairobi South Primary School



Mr. John Kilo, who runs a store in Machakos, has repaid a loan of £150 within a year

WEALTH

The items in "The Voice of the Commonwealth" are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of "The Sphere"

Joan Adamu, the surviving Nigerian Siamese twin whose sister died after the operation to separate them in May, is with Chief O. I. Dafe, Deputy Chairman of Nigeria Airways, on her last day at Hammersmith Hospital, London. She flew home to Nigeria last week

At the Royal Academy of Dancing Gala Matinee at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, in London, the Queen Mother meets two 14-year-old boys from Kenya, George Waiga and Peter Njenga. They were on a visit to appeal to British young people to join Kenya's Youth helps Youth campaign to aid the country's destitute children

The New Zealand Government's Christmas tree by the altar at St. Mary's Church, Bryanston Square in London. The tree was handed by Mr. MacDonald, the New Zealand High Commissioner, to the Rector of St. Mary's, the Reverend Martin Sullivan

BOOK REVIEW

Official Australian history of the Second World War in the air

A supreme test of the purpose and meaning of the Commonwealth came with the outbreak of the Second World War. For Australians in 1939, although their eyes were turned to the growing menace of Japan, there was no question but that Britain should be aided as fully as possible in her struggle on the other side of the world against Germany. The only question was how. A monumental, objective and extremely comprehensive history of the Australian war effort in the years between 1939 and 1945 is being published in some 20 volumes. Latest of these to appear is ROYAL AUSTRALIAN AIR FORCE 1939-1942, *Volume I in Series Three, Air* (Angus and Robertson. 40s.). The author is Douglas Gillison, now Director of News and Information at Australia House in London.

In order to set the scene and illuminate the difficulties of the Royal Australian Air Force, the author puts his allotted 43 months of war in the context of the previous 30 years which saw the beginnings of aviation. Australia in the 1914-18 War sent overseas an Australian Flying Corps—a "half-flight" that went to Mesopotamia, and eventually four squadrons that served in France and the Middle East. Far-sighted leaders in Australia urged the formation of an Australian air force, and the first decisive step was taken in 1919. But the birth-pangs were arduous and long—the Australian Air Force came into being in 1921, with a strength of 151 all ranks. Lack of money and material proved great obstacles. It was not until 1936 that Australia started her own modest aircraft industry. When war broke out she had only 164 operational aircraft and a force of 310 officers and 3,179 airmen, and was almost entirely dependent on Britain for aircraft and stores.

The first years of the war saw in the Pacific theatre steady, and at times disastrous, retreat for the allies, until the tide of war was lapping the northern shores of Australia. But by 1943, at the turning point, Japan had lost superiority in the air and Australian airmen had fought in the skies over Britain, France, Germany, Italy, the Middle East, India, Malaya, Burma, the East Indies, New Guinea and their homeland. Their story is not only a stirring record of fighting the enemy but also a detailed, objective account of a long struggle against overwhelming difficulties of supply and organisation.

J.W.

INSIDE KING WENCESLAUS LAND

Photographs of Czechoslovakia by Anthony Howarth

Czechoslovakia is now a Communist country. But there can be little doubt that, whatever the religious views of its peoples, Christmas will not be forgotten. For it is the land of " Good King Wenceslaus." Legend has it that he " looked out " in Prague.

It would be difficult to estimate the strength of religious belief in Czechoslovakia today. For since that states inception in 1918 it has had a tragic history. Till the end of the 1st World War, Czechoslovakia was part of the Habsburg Empire, with the vast bulk of its population either Catholic or Protestant. As a result of the Treaty of St. Germain in 1919 it became one of the most responsible democracies in the new concert of nations. This was largely due to its two great Presidents, Masaryk and his successor Benes. When after 1938 Hitler had made this hitherto prosperous country " his last territorial claim," Czechoslovakia, enslaved under Nazi " Protectors," knew no Christmases for six years; only the unprintable horrors of which Lidice was possibly not the extreme.

Continued on page 460)

Karlstejn Castle, near Prague, built by Charles IV in the fourteenth

Wenceslaus Square, Prague, with the National Museum in the bac
Bridge over the Vltava River in Prague. **Right:** Another

ntury as shrine for the Coronation Jewels of the Kings of Bohemia

round. **Left :** The Charles
ew of Wenceslaus Square

From the steps of the church of St. Nicholas, looking towards Prague Castle and the spires of St. Vitus' Cathedral. **Right :** The baroque interior of St. Nicholas, built in the early eighteenth century

Football at the Czechoslovak Army Stadium, the largest in the country: capacity 60,000 spectators.

Right: The twist is a popular feature of Prague night life

(*Continued from page 458*)

Hope and light returned with the liberation by the Americans and the Russians. However, by 1948 the Czechs and the Slovaks had become one of the first examples of a Communist "take-over" from a coalition, majority Liberal, government. Communist the country remains today and it seems fairly to reflect the temperature of a "reliable" satellite under the present Moscow regime.

Consumer goods have become more plentiful. When food problems and shortages occur—and they do occur—they are not usually in every district and, in some cases, arise more from bureaucratic incompetence than from natural causes. Last summer there was a glut of strawberries, and there has been this year a prolonged potato shortage, and cases where meat was available in one town and unobtainable in another.

Czechoslovakia was a thriving industrial power before the war. How far, after the Nazi ravages, the Communists have been able to recover is problematic. At present the country is engaged in its third Five Year Plan. It is claimed that the progress made in the two previous Plans is being improved on. During the first Plan it was admitted there was little advance in the development of ore reserves, fuel and power. This was corrected in the second Plan. The third Plan is concentrating on agriculture which has been lagging behind industry.

There is a strict censorship; the only Western papers easily bought in Prague are the *Daily Worker* and *L'Humanité*. Books, although beautifully produced and cheap, are limited and not representative of Western culture. The radio provides the main inlet from the West. Independent thought, nationalism and religion undoubtedly remain in Czechoslovakia; which is not surprising in the people who have always "trod boldly" in King Wenceslaus land.

This Morava air taxi can be hired at just over 1s. per mile

INSIDE KING WENCESLAUS LAND

Agriculture is mostly in the form of co-operatives and State farms

A new town built to accommodate workers at a machine tool plant near Tabor

A scramble for scarce nylons in a Prague market

A British tourist's Austin Seven is admired in Prague

Workers on their way home at Ostrava, centre of the Czech steel industry

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

THE REMARKABLE TROLLOPE

This month marks the centenary of the publication of Anthony Trollope's *Orley Farm*: or rather, the centenary of the second volume, which completed publication in book form. The point has to be made, because *Orley Farm* started as a monthly serial in March 1861 and I suppose that could be taken to mark the centenary. Keeping pace with Trollope's centenaries is a bit complicated just now. Throughout the '60's he published at least two books a year (actually there were four in 1867, including *The Last Chronicle of Barset* and *The Claverings*) and he had others running in serial form at the same time.

So, why pick on *Orley Farm*? To be frank, because I have just read it again and it is fresh in mind. But also because I, a Trollope addict, think it contains some of the best as well as some of the worst of Trollope. If I were asked to choose a typical Trollope for someone wholly ignorant of his work, then *Orley Farm* would be the one I would choose from all the long list. "All Balzac's novels occupy one shelf and all Trollope's would occupy a plaguey long one" in Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's words.

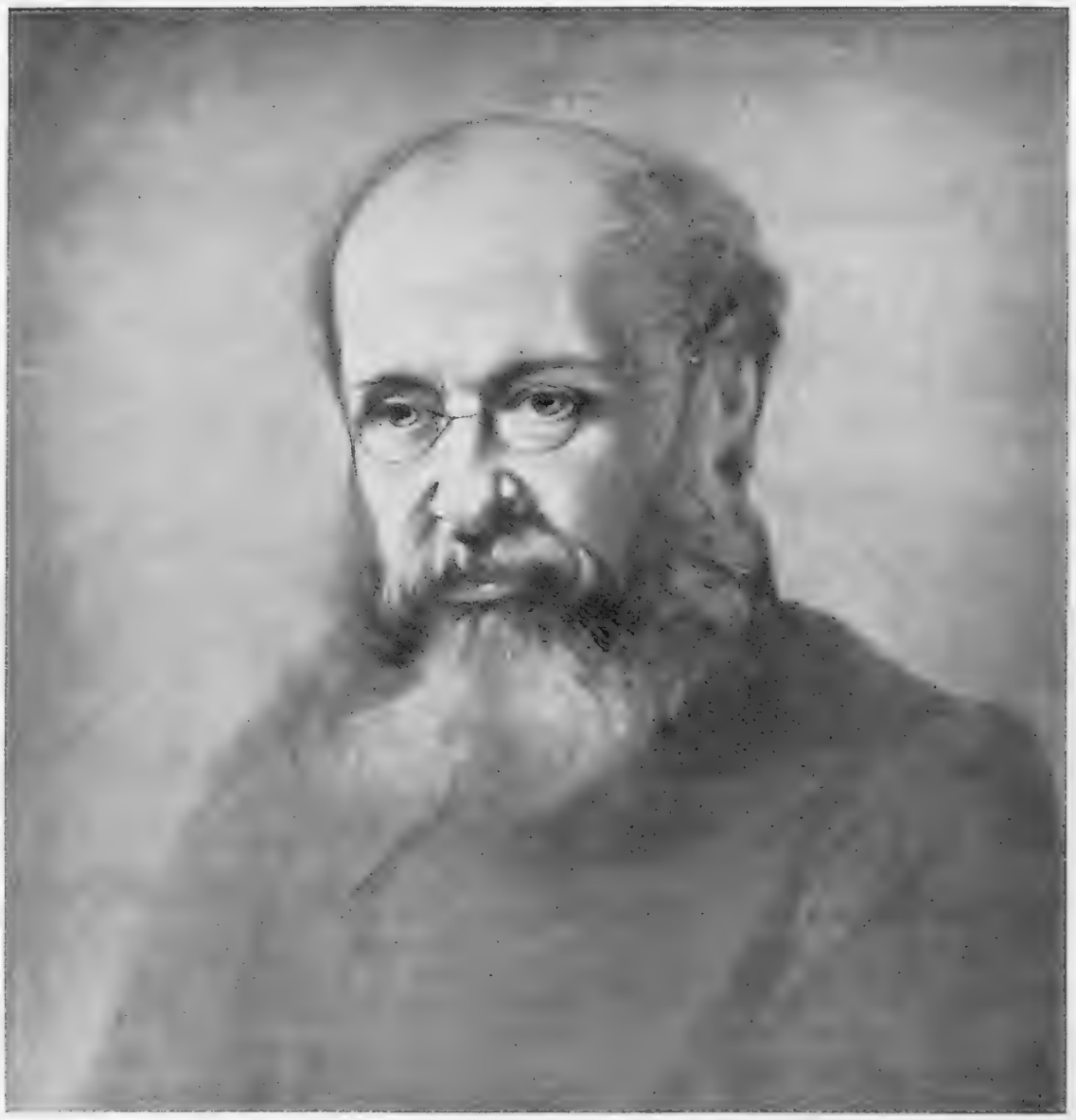
Anthony Trollope was a very remarkable man, the son of a truly remarkable woman. His father was a man of uncertain temper and poor health, a barrister and a failure in his profession. The mother was really responsible for bringing up the large family and, later on, for keeping an ailing husband. It was the latter necessity that made her, at the age of 50, take to writing. So pressing the necessity that in 25 years she produced some 40 books, which was a fantastic output for an elderly lady.

Nobody now reads Frances Trollope, but in her day she was a best-seller, and in her is to be found much of her son. Her field was criticism of social conditions. When she found a subject, she treated it, unlike many of her contemporaries, "with an average sense of decency and justice." She was a tolerant, broad-minded woman. Her son was a tolerant, broad-minded man. If you were to sum up his work you could do no better than to say of him, as was said of his mother, that he kept always "an average sense of decency and justice."

At 19, Anthony Trollope entered the Post Office. He did not treat the job as a sinecure. He made it his profession, worked hard and rose to become Surveyor-General. A man of profound conscience, he never allowed his writing to interfere with his work as a civil servant. Even at the height of his fame, the Post Office came first. His mother had written for money, making a job of it. Her son also made a job of it. No waiting for "inspiration" for him: he just turned out so many words a day, day after day, writing in the early morning before setting off for the office; three hours a morning at the rate of 1,000 words an hour, timed by his watch on the desk before him.

When he had finished one novel, he started on the next the following morning. It really is not surprising that his work is uneven! What is surprising is that inspiration came so often. It is also not surprising that the man who invented the pillar-box should invent a whole county, Barsetshire, people it and get its geography unvaryingly accurate. But that there should be inspiration in novel after novel is surely astonishing.

There is inspiration in *Orley Farm*, and humour, and a wealth of characterisation. But Trollope's faults, the faults of his method, are also apparent. This book, and many others as well, was not written as a whole and then published as a serial. It was written as a serial, month by month. Trollope had, therefore, to keep his readers' interest alive from month to month. Inevitably, there are sub-plots, too many minor characters, but each one most carefully drawn, too many climaxes. Reading it now, a hundred years after publication, you can tell pretty well where each monthly serial ended. Of course, this is not a fault confined to Trollope alone. It is the fault of his age. It is apparent also in Dickens, who also wrote for serialisation and, moreover, primarily to be read aloud. It is never apparent in the earlier work of Jane Austen. She never suffered the goad of the serial.



Anthony Trollope, 1815-1882, painted by S. Laurence *(Reproduced by permission of the National Portrait Gallery)*

In other respects Trollope is in the Jane Austen tradition. He, too, stuck firmly to what he knew, refusing to be tempted from his own field. All his work is about the society, the class, he knew intimately. But his field was much wider than that of Jane Austen, for he was a man of affairs, much-travelled, shrewd and minutely observant.

He is always forthright, often blunt—once or twice one may even suspect him of coarseness. Certainly, he sometimes sails as near the wind as was possible in his age. But he is always tolerant. Rogues and outright blackguards appear in his books, but it is rare to find one with whom he, and, therefore, the reader, has no sympathy at all. We all know that Adolphus Crosbie richly deserves his thrashing at the hands of Johnny Eames: but haven't we all a sneaking sympathy for Crosbie? We all know that Lady Mason in *Orley Farm* deserves punishment when she commits forgery and we accept the punishment: but haven't we all sympathy for her, a lovable, but weak, character, unable to resist temptation? Trollope always sees both sides and puts them before the reader. He is the most unprejudiced of men. Contrast this with Dickens. Dickens, at least where money is concerned, but in other respects too, was unable to see both sides. Edwin Pugh has pointed out that "To the end of his life Dickens never seemed to perceive that the creditor is, far more often than not, more to be pitied than the debtor." Dickens, in Pugh's words, suffered a serious "obliquity of moral vision." No one could ever accuse Trollope of that.

It is, indeed, in the drawing of character that Trollope is at his best, in the very forefront of English novelists. Again, comparison with Dickens, since they were contemporaries, is inevitable. And unjust, because Dickens was a crusader before he was a novelist, and his chief weapon was caricature. He saw everything in black and white. His characters are too bad or too good to be true. Oh, I know that we often speak of some elderly man as a "Dickensian character," but invariably we refer to his appearance, not to his character. Have you ever met a Quilp, a Scrooge, a Heap, even a Pickwick? I'll wager not. But we have all met a Dr Thorne, a Lily Day, a Johnny Eames, a Mrs. Lamley, a Madeline Staveley (in *Orley Farm*), a Roger Scatcherd. Trollope was never a crusader, never a caricaturist. He was a novelist pure, but very far from simple.

S. J. S. Clarke, the Cambridge scrum half, passes, watched by G. W. Hines (Oxford) and R. C. B. Michaelson (Cambridge), left, and N. Silk (Oxford), third from right

3. Thomas, the Cambridge second row forward, breaks from a loose scrum

VARSITY MATCH

Cambridge won the 81st Varsity match against Oxford at Twickenham last week, to record their third victory in a row. Rain and heavy conditions suited their plan for the match, based on the power and efficiency of their forwards. Oxford were given little opportunity to exploit their potentiality in attack. At half-time the score was restricted to one penalty goal for Cambridge, kicked from a long way out by their full-back, C. J. Allan. In the second half Cambridge went further ahead with a drop goal by P. D. Briggs, and in the last ten minutes set the seal on their victory with two tries, one of which was converted. Final score was 14—0.

D. M. Sachs, the Oxford winger, makes for the line

Cambridge forwards force Oxford into touch

P. K. Stagg, the tall Oxford forward, gains possession in a line-out

TRAVEL

TURKEY TOUR

By **GORDON COOPER**

Romance and history will enchant the traveller from the moment he sets foot in Turkey—the last tourist land, within reasonably easy access, still to be discovered by the travel agents. Nowadays, however, some cruises to the Eastern Mediterranean make calls at certain of its ports, notably Istanbul (described in THE SPHERE, 14/1/61) Antalaya (22/12/62), and Izmir. This last-named port is the starting-point for excursions to the important classical sites of Pergamon and Ephesus. Although both places can, at a pinch, be visited in one day, such a feat will prove to be rather exhausting, for the total distance to be covered is over 300 miles. Turkish roads are not always smooth, and time must be left for sightseeing.

Although less beautiful than Istanbul, Izmir, the city once called Smyrna, is wonderfully placed at the heart of a great bay. Famous for its delicious figs and sultana raisins, this was Homer's birthplace (the claim is disputed). Largely destroyed 40 years ago (1922) when the Turks swept a large Greek army into the sea and the city went up in flames, there has been a phoenix-like reconstruction. The new town, however, is hardly picturesque, although surprisingly a considerable number of old buildings are still standing, including the impressive sixteenth-century Hisar Mosque and several other seventeenth-century ones. The Museum is unusually rich, with contributions from Ephesus, Pergamon, Sardis and Miletus.

From the summit of nearby Mount Pagus there is a wonderful view of the town and the Gulf; there is an excellent restaurant. Every year from August 20 until September 20, Izmir holds its International Trade Fair, an occasion when the city goes gay in a big way, and there is a host of night-clubs ready to entertain visitors. The Kismet Hotel is recommended for a stay. The Inciralti beach (45 minutes by ferry) is good for bathing. The thermal baths of Agamemnon, which have been in continual use for about 4,000 years and stand on the outskirts of the city, provide an unusual experience in the way of getting cooked. There is a pleasant little golf course nearby.

Pergamon is 70 miles from Izmir, and along the road there are opportunities for a leisurely traveller to turn aside to look at the ruins of Phocaea, Cyme, Elaea, Crynia and other Graeco-Roman towns. The town has two adequate hotels (Bergama Palas and Park).

The Pergamon of today consists of three quite separate groups of ruins. The first to be visited is the quite small but exceptionally interesting Aesculapium, which, as its name implies, was devoted to the healing of the sick. I found it a most satisfying place; it was a place of healing for 700 years—from the fifth century B.C. to the second A.D.—and its patients included at least two Roman Emperors—Caracalla and Marcus Aurelius.

The most important surviving buildings are the Pump Room; the Sacred Tunnel of Whispers (so-called because the patients underwent a psychiatric test, for priests at intervals whispered encouragement through openings in the 100-yard passage); the Fount of Youth, a spring of pure, cold water, which still flows here. Beyond is a beautiful pillared colonnade, at the far end of which is the Theatre, used ritually for miracle plays. There is much else to see, including the Temple of Zeus-Aesculapius, the Propylaeum, the Library and the marble-seated latrine, designed for 40 occupants and lacking privacy.

Next comes the pleasant modern town of Bergama, which is littered with Graeco-Roman remains, including the site of a once famous Temple of Athena, a theatre and a large stadium. Most important of all, however, is the massive Basilica of St. John, the largest of all the original seven Christian foundations in Asia Minor. It was built by the Emperor Hadrian, with glazed red bricks for its eight-foot-thick walls, and the martyred St. Antipas was buried here. Accursed as a result, the city then rapidly declined in wealth and power.

A winding road leads to the Acropolis, 1,000 feet above the plain below. The site is 20 miles from the sea, although in ancient times it encroached far inland. Xenophon mentioned it as an impregnable stronghold, and it was Lysimachus (Alexander's successor) who built the earliest walls that we see today, in about 300 B.C.

At one time Pergamon was the capital of a wealthy and powerful state, and the city had 160,000 inhabitants. Today, the ruins built on four terraces comprise various temples, but some historical imagination is needed to recreate them as the wonderful buildings they once were. My chief memory is of sitting on the highest tier of the steepest Graeco-Roman theatre in the world, built on the rim of a precipice, and looking out over a superb panorama: to the green valley below, and away to the Aegean. I store it in my memory as being one of the world's finest sights. Before leaving Pergamon, I must note the Museum in Bergama which possesses some wonderful treasures, well displayed.

The ruins of Ephesus are even more impressive, perhaps, than those at Pergamon. Of Hellenistic and Graeco-Roman date, they indicate the magnificence of Imperial Roman power at the height of its rule. It is here that the Virgin Mary made her last home, and the little church which stands on the site is a place of pilgrimage. It is a place of extraordinary peace, hallowed by the faith of millions, and in an environment which tempts the visitor to linger.

But now for Ephesus itself, once known as the Mistress of Asia. When Antony and Cleopatra tarried there, it was one of the largest and richest cities in the world—an international gathering place. Perhaps a walk along the Marble Street is most rewarding, for here, with its continuation to the Magnesia Gate, you pass along a varied range of classical remains. This continuation is known as the Street of the Kouretes, with a quite extraordinary display of the rich buildings of this splendid city.

I remember especially the highly decorated Temple of Hadrian, a beautifully proportioned building. There is also in this promenade the remains of the Great Theatre, which seated 25,000 people, the Library of Celsus and the Agora. Of the Temple of Artemis, nothing, alas, remains; yet in its heyday it was regarded as one of the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World, being four times as large as the Parthenon and possessing no fewer than 127 sixty-foot columns. The ceilings were of cedar wood and the doors of cypress. Yet all this splendour was set on fire by a lunatic, quickly rebuilt, but destroyed again later by the Christians.

"Only the imagination can recreate a shadow of its ancient glory, and only the desolate wind seems still to whisper the once mighty cry, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians.'" (Cedric Salter). There is a café but no hotel at Ephesus.

Access: By sea from Piraeus to Izmir; also by train (one day) Istanbul to Izmir, or by ship (18 hours); there is the alternative to take ship from Istanbul to Baneirma, thence by twice-weekly motor-train to Izmir, also slower daily trains. Some Hellenic cruises call at Izmir, with excursions to Pergamon and Ephesus, notably Swan's (260 Tottenham Court Road, W.1) and Oceanways (23 Haymarket, S.W.1.).

Information: Press officer, Turkish Embassy, 43 Belgrave Square, S.W.1.

The Basilica of St. John in Bergama and **right:** the Church of the Virgin Mary in Ephesus

The remains of the Library at Ephesus, one of the many magnifice

e Gre: Theatre at Ephesus, said to be the steepest raked Graeco-Roman theatre in the world

sical ruins in Ephesus, once called the "Mistress of Asia"

INCREASED AIR AND RAIL FARES: AND OTHER NEWS

Fares are going up. An application from B.E.A. and other independent airlines for a substantial increase to be made on domestic fares next year, follows a decision by airlines to increase their fares by five per cent. on international routes. This will take effect from April 1, 1963.

News has just been received that certain European Railways will increase their fares also in 1963. Italian Railways are advancing the cost of their fares by 15 per cent. in March, French Railways by 11 per cent. from January 1, and German Railways from six to seven per cent., also from January 1. These quite considerable increases will be reflected in the additional costs the purchasers of inclusive tours will have to bear next year. Unfortunately many of the brochures published by travel agents and tour operators have already gone to press, and therefore there is likely to be a discrepancy between the prices of inclusive arrangements advertised and those quoted in agents' literature. No doubt these increases by three of the railway administrations will be followed by others which have not yet been announced.

Australia-bound passengers intending to fly by B.O.A.C.'s twice-weekly London-Tel Aviv-Sydney Boeing 707 service will be able to break their journey in Tel Aviv at no extra cost. This should prove a very welcome interruption in a journey which, even by modern jet aircraft, can be fatiguing.

Anyone who has motored between Athens and Corfu, especially after dark, with all the strains and tensions the previous narrow road provided, will welcome the news that a new highway has just been opened, on part of the route. A toll will be charged. Sixty miles per hour instead of 25 will now be possible, along its entire 80-kilometre length.

Corfu, which is currently vying with Rhodes as a popular holiday island, is to have a casino which is to be opened in the Achilleion Palace, a few miles outside the town of Corfu itself, on December 28. There will be six roulette rooms, three baccarat rooms, a restaurant, three bars and a night club.

The M.S. *Devonia* in April 1963 will undertake an "adventure" cruise on behalf of the National Trust for Scotland, calling at islands on the fringe of the Atlantic shelf. Leaving the Clyde on Monday, April 22, it is hoped that the ship will call at Arran, Iona, Staffa, Rhum, St. Kilda, Foula, Fair Isle, Shetland, Handa, and the Summer Isles, returning to the Clyde the following Monday evening, April 29. The British India Company, owners of the M.S. *Devonia*, are arranging for additional motorised boats to be carried, to make landing and re-embarkation on these remote isles a more practicable proposition. While the charge for cabin accommodation ranges from £45 to £60, dormitory accommodation will also be provided for young people at £25 per berth. Further details can be obtained from the National Trust for Scotland, 5, Charlotte Square, Edinburgh.

W.D.C.C.

BOOKS

DOSTOEVSKY ASSESSED

A painstaking biography of the Russian novelist; the letters of Chopin; and this week's fiction

One of the greatest influences on the art of literature has been Dostoevsky's: a categoric statement which nevertheless has world-wide support. He was born in 1821, died 59 years later and left behind him a new conception of the novel form and of psychological insight into character which, though it was long before such terms were used, has its effect to this day. DOSTOEVSKY—*A Life* (Secker and Warburg. 50s.) is the book, it seems, to which Mr. David Magarshack's previous biographies of Chekhov, Turgenev and Gogol were leading. Its author is himself a Russian who arrived in England in 1920 and after an academic career here has made the study of Russian literature his chief work. Writing in English and with the background of experience as a translator and critic, Mr. Magarshack has proved himself to be in a strong if not unique position as an interpreter of his great countrymen.

The present book, for instance, is a painstaking biography on the domestic, political and social aspects of Fyodor Mikhailovich Dostoevsky, following his career from the cradle to the grave in the classic manner, but it is also an inquiry into Dostoevsky's motives, emotions and aims as well as into the formative influences which made him the figure that he was in his own lifetime—when people came to consult him as an oracle—and the figure, revolutionary in the true sense, that he has remained ever since. He was the son of a gentle mother and a doctor father who was a heavy drinker and a man of ungovernable temper, murdered by his peasants when his writer son was only 18. Dostoevsky inherited traits from both his parents; the sensibility and superstitious nature of one and the passions and gloomy self-absorption of the other. With this nature he became a leader of the revolutionary movement of the 1840's, who was to be imprisoned in Siberia for four years, and a writer who was never to lose his belief in his country or his compassion for his fellows.

Dostoevsky admitted in himself a duality of nature and held that it was not an uncommon feature of intelligent human beings, and it was this dichotomy which made it possible for him to be the great writer that he was, the young rebel, the convinced holder of religious beliefs and the champion of the oppressed. He suffered constantly from ill health and had known violence. One of the wonders about him is that he recognised kindliness even where none of his contemporaries could see it and, towards the end of his life, could write to a mother: "Be kind . . . and then, believe me, you will have fulfilled your duty towards (your child) all through his life, because *without wishing to influence him in any way* you have taught him that kindness is good."

Writers, understandably, and very often painters too, are magnificent letter writers, often seeming to use this personal form of expression to clarify their own thoughts and in consequence producing in the reader an unusually vivid reaction. Musicians often come into this category and no one more than Chopin, many of whose letters have now been translated and arranged by Mr. Arthur Hedley in SELECTED CORRESPONDENCE OF FRYDERYK CHOPIN (Heinemann. 42s.). This volume, which contains a good deal of new material and a commentary by the editor, also includes letters from some of Chopin's friends and these, written to the musician over a period of 18 years, are almost as revealing. Chopin as a figure in the Romantic Revival, and Chopin in his long liaison with George Sand, and the traveller Chopin as well as the composer; all these facets of the man's career are shown in the clearest focus, together with some of his less conventional views.

On a visit to England, for instance, he wrote to a Polish friend in Paris that although he was having a social and professional success he was also having his anxious moments. "What are not so plentiful as they are supposed to be are *guineas*," he complains, adding, "They are awful liars here: as soon as they don't want anything they clear off to the country." Poor Chopin. It was July and the end of the London season; a circumstance more rigidly defined then than now and certainly not very reassuring to a sensitive and impecunious musician. But there were others, less concerned with society, who were to offer him their friendship, and among them Jane Welsh Carlyle whose cry was: "Oh, how I wish he understood English! How I wish I could open my heart to him."

Mr. Hedley has done his editing with imagination and sympathy and the letters can now be read almost as a continuous narrative. It is a considerable temptation to quote from them at length but I will confine myself with one extract from a letter from the artist, Delacroix, to a friend, written while he was staying in the country with Chopin and George Sand. I find it both amusing and a clear indication of the circle in which they all moved: "We expected Balzac," wrote Delacroix, "but he hasn't come and I can't say I'm sorry. He never stops talking. . . ."

MADAME SOUSATZKA (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 18s.) is a novel written in the best and truest vein of Jewish humour: warm, objective, sardonic, deeply and essentially engaged with human beings rather than with cosmic forces. Its author, Bernice Rubens, has

PICASSO'S new backcloth for the revival of Serge Lifar's ballet *Icarus* at the Paris Opéra. The artist did the backcloth—his first since 1919—as a gift to Lifar

ISRAEL'S CHAMPION

A biography of Chaim Weizmann

In the late nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth century two great men came in succession to champion the cause of Zionism, to call for the creation of a Jewish national home. The first of these was the colourful Theodor Herzl, who, by articles, pamphlets and speeches, rallied people to the cause with sensational success. Herzl died in 1904, saddened by the controversy that then raged round the acceptance of an extra-Palestinian site for the Jewish home. Stepping into Herzl's role there came a very different, no less dominant, figure, Chaim Weizmann, the scientist born in Motol, Russian Poland, in 1874 in the very lap of Judaism, who eventually settled in Manchester, an impoverished reader in biochemistry. Weizmann's great opportunity came in the First World War, when as Director of the British Admiralty Laboratories he met many of the leading figures in public life. His influence was extraordinary, and within the space of a decade after coming to England he actually altered British policy, securing the Balfour Declaration and in so doing paving the way for the emergence of the state of Israel, whose first President he became in 1948.

The story of this brilliant achievement and what followed is set out by several hands, including those of David Ben-Gurion, Abba Eban, Isaiah Berlin, Ritchie Calder and R. H. S. Crossman in a multiple biography CHAIM WEIZMANN (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 42s.). Each writer has taken a phase of the great man's career; but there is naturally some overlapping. The method is notably effective, however; perhaps the more so because we are dealing with a many-sided man, a man whom, as Ben-Gurion says, bore on his shoulders an historic burden not borne by any other Jew in the last 2,000 years. Chaim Weizmann was indeed the personal focus of the Jewish people's strength, the guiding star of a whole brave nation.

From the creation of modern Israel we turn to ancient Palestine under the Roman occupation and in the days of Christ's mission. Daniel Rops's DAILY LIFE IN PALESTINE AT THE TIME OF CHRIST (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 42s.) is a rich and splendid book, the fruit of a lifetime's scholarship. The author has a fluent style, which surely stems from his depth of knowledge. He builds an accurate and lasting image of an important time, but it is often in the little things, like the spending power of a widow's mite (or anyone else's mite for that matter), that he so ably imparts striking background information to the history of those days.

On the theory that cricket lovers spend all their spare time watching the game in the summer and reading about it in the winter, coupled with the fact that we are now engrossed in a Test Match series "down under," we should no doubt applaud the timing of the latest edition of that sporting classic A HISTORY OF CRICKET. It now appears in two-volume form. Volume I by H. S. Altham covers the whole period up to the First World War, and Volume II by E. W. Swanton takes us from 1918 to the days of Dexter, Benaud and the other artists who now bestride the scene. Both volumes are published by George Allen and Unwin at 35s.

GUNS THIS WAY (Witherby. 42s.) captures in an extraordinary way the sparkle and pleasure of a day's shooting in the English and Welsh countrysides. The author is H. W. Pearson-Rogers, and with skilled photographers and artists accompanying him in the field they have been most successful. Some of the photographs are in colour and some in half-tone. There is one notable picture of the moors round Bolton Abbey which conveys their sweep and majesty.

Welcome to HORSE AND HOUND YEAR BOOK 1962-63 (Longacre Press. 21s.). All last season's 1,132 point-to-point meetings and hunter chases are recorded, together with all details of runners, places, riders, owners, distances and tote returns. The hunting and show directories are equally comprehensive in scope.

Richard Edmonds

it in her to develop into a comic writer who can challenge the masters in the *genre*. The lady of the title is a music teacher with a Method and, having struggled optimistically with untalented pupils for many years, she finally sees her chance—and the child's—in a schoolboy of genuine ability, perhaps even with that spark of genius which will mean the ultimate reward for her and great success for the child. The book is the tale of Madame Sousatzka's struggle against everyday circumstances, the boy's own unpredictability and her own fallibility and weaknesses. It is a joy to read, as was the earlier book, *Set on Edge*.

The following two novels deal with industrial and agricultural upsets; the workers against authority, the workers for or against the shop stewards, the unions not quite marching in step with anybody. Both books have their merits, though there will be some who don't find the subjects attractive or exciting at first glance. Mr. G. W. Target has written about a small engineering works in London, run by the man who is also the founder; a fairly tough egg and successful. His son, less hard and possibly less effectual, too, is beginning to take over the business. THE SHOP STEWARDS (Duckworth. 18s.), with all its detailed action, takes place on a single December day at the present time. Chiefly a story of tensions on all sides and written with both intelligence and experience.

STRIKE (Robert Hale. 12s. 6d.) is Mr. Crichton Porteous's novel about life on the farm, but scarcely from the traditional angle of jolly farmers' boys. His farm labourers and his farmers are at odds, with the men fighting against pay cuts and attempting to ensure a decent standard of living. Good, vigorous stuff and with a lot of unpredictable but very human behaviour for each side to contend with.

In THE UNLUCKY SEED (Cassell. 16s.), Mr. Paul Ritchie, again an author who writes with a sound basis of personal experience, reviews the problems of a deputy housemaster at an approved school and gives the reader a deeply interesting picture of such a place from the organisational as well as the individual angle. Alternately touching and savagely realistic, this is a far from banal story.

From the United States come two novels, both intelligent and both revealing, about different aspects of American culture. BOOM-TOWN (Barker. 16s.) is Mr. Dan Cushman's story of a small town in the Middle West, transformed and distracted by the incursion of a vast Hollywood company which plan to use it as the setting for an historical movie. Good-tempered narration with quite a spicing of humour and absolutely no portentous conclusions. TRIUMPHAL ENTRY (Faber. 16s.) is a first novel by Mr. Thomas Baird, who finds it necessary to tell us that this work "has no valid symbolic extension whatsoever." He is probably right, at that. And what is left, after that diminishment, is a pretty good story about an associate librarian at an American university, and the European adventures which befall him.

BRING BACK THE GODS (Harrap. 16s.) is less a *cri de coeur* from an old theatre-goer than a romantic reconstruction of the military and diplomatic career of the Emperor Julian—"a sort of pagan Field-Marshal Montgomery"—in the ten or 20 years after A.D. 345. Forceful stuff and crisply written by Mr. Somerset de Chair.

Finally, THE INSTRUMENT (Hutchinson. 16s.), which is part whodunit, part psychological novel and wholly the work of Mr. Peter Everett, whose second novel this is. Setting English: suspense universal. Mr. Michael Hastings's THE CITADEL OF THE BATS (Macdonald. 16s.) is less esoteric, has a Caribbean background and is, I should have thought, a dead cert for the film seekers. Straightforward in the telling and tense in the climaxes.

Vernon Fane

SCENERY AT LA SCALA, MILAN

Backstage at La Scala, Milan, one of the most famous of the world's opera houses, scene painters sketch in the design on one of the huge backcloths stretched out on the floor. **Below:** A further stage in the process of working from the original design. The scenery was prepared in a warehouse near the opera house for the opening production in early December of La Scala's winter season. This was Verdi's *Il Trovatore*

LEADERS OF
BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by
Tom Hustler

C. E. Wrangham

Mr. C. E. Wrangham, C.B.E., was appointed Chairman of Short Brothers and Harland in 1961 by the Minister of Aviation. His is an unusual position in the aircraft industry since he is head of the only section which is State-controlled. Shorts have the proud boast of being the first manufacturers in the world to take a production order for aircraft (six Wright bi-planes in 1909). At present the company is building, for the R.A.F., the Belfast strategic freighter. Cuthbert Edward Wrangham was born in 1907 and won scholarships to Eton and King's College, Cambridge. In 1929 he joined the city firm of merchants, C. Tennant, Sons and Co. Ltd., and was appointed a director in 1937. During the war he served in the Air Ministry and Ministry of Aircraft Production, becoming a Director-General. He was awarded the C.B.E. in 1946. When the war was over, Mr. Wrangham returned to Tennant's to direct their export and chemical departments, later becoming Deputy Chairman and Joint Managing Director of the Power-Gas Corporation of Stockton-on-Tees. In 1960 he was appointed Chairman and sole Managing Director, then becoming Deputy Chairman of Davy-Ashmore Ltd. when that company merged Power-Gas with Davy-United Ltd. Mr. Wrangham retired from this post before taking up his present appointment in Belfast, but retains his seat on the board of Tennant's. He was Chairman of the Shelbourne Hotel, Dublin, for ten years until in 1960 he negotiated its sale to Trust Houses. Recently he was elected to the chair of the Marine and General Mutual Life Assurance Society. Mr. Wrangham, a direct descendant of William Wilberforce, holds an honorary Doctorate of Law of the Wilberforce College of Ohio. Married, with five children, he lives at Rosemary House, Catterick, and also has chambers in Albany in London

ADVANTAGES OF AUTOMATIC LANDING

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

During that four-day blanket of fog at the beginning of this month only one aircraft landed at Heathrow, perfectly and without the least bother: it was an experimental training aircraft equipped with automatic landing equipment. For most of the rest of the fog, the huge London Airport was idle and helpless. During some of the time aircraft were able to get into Gatwick as a relief airport for London; but not a great deal could be done to get passengers out of London that way, because there simply weren't enough planes there to make much impression on the snarled-up traffic.

The fog was a dramatic reminder of something that any air traveller who needs to fly constantly throughout the year becomes uncomfortably aware of: that air travel is a fair weather activity, in which winter schedules are depleted anyway and even then open to very frequent delays and cancellations. To make an appointment in the morning in, say, Paris or Brussels, places only an hour's flying time from London, becomes fairly chancy in winter: there are fewer planes, the chances of delay are much higher, and often on balance it seems wiser to take the night sleeper, whether you sleep comfortably in trains or not.

Against those winter delays—and moreover against the danger of air accidents, nearly half of which in recent years have occurred at take-off or landing—the development of automatic systems for handling aircraft near the ground is one of the only ultimate preventatives. How far are we away from making these feasible and not too hopelessly expensive?

The answer to the first question is that we are not very far off technically. Practicable automatic landing, as the Varsity trainer that came in to Heathrow in the fog demonstrated, is a reality already, and Britain is rather well ahead with it. The Ministry of Aviation's Blind Landing Experimental Unit, with headquarters at Bedford, has already been responsible for more than 10,000 blind landings at various airfields in this country. And the equipment that it has developed is already out of the purely experimental stage: it is going on to the British V-bombers and on to a heavy military freighter for the R.A.F. It is also to be built into Britain's new airliners, the de Havilland Trident, Vickers V.C.10 and B.A.C. 111.

Automatic landing is not hopelessly expensive: but the economics of its employment are not very well known yet. The whole process, a development of various existing instrument-flying and approach systems, is a complex combination. The aircraft has to be kept straight all the way in to the landing strip, which involves guidance in the horizontal plane; it also has to be brought downwards at a safe angle and pace, which involves guidance in the vertical plane.

Safe control of the vertical descent is the more complex of the two. Keeping the aircraft in line with the runway in its approach is done by the transmission of "error signals" which increase in intensity if the aircraft veers from the centre line between two "leader cables" laid equidistant from the runway. Control of the aircraft in its vertical plane of descent is achieved partly by a similar system, which sends out overlapping pairs of radio beams setting the gradual downwards path of the landing approach. From there on the control of the landing is achieved partly by systems within the aircraft which determine and correct its "attitude" (i.e., angle of approach) to the ground, and partly by a radio altimeter of great accuracy which informs the aircraft's automatic pilot system how near it is coming, all the way to touchdown. Control is indeed maintained while the machine is rolling along the runway.

Systems developed by the Blind Landing Experimental Unit in conjunction with Standard Telephones and Cables Ltd. and with Smith's Aviation division already assure automatic landing with a high degree of certainty, though there may still be changes made in parts of the different "control chains" involved. There has been a good deal of activity on the same problem, naturally enough, on the other side of the Atlantic; and these different lines of experimental approach may crystallise into very determined commercial competition, since the eventual prospect of being adopted by the world's airlines as a standard offers a rich goal for the designers of any automatic landing system.

The main difference in approach, so far, appears to be in the amount of information the various systems offer the pilot in the aircraft, to enable him to intervene in the automatic landing process at any time when he believes that trouble is developing. All these systems provide for landing without the direct intervention of the pilot at all; American designers have so far laid rather more emphasis than British on giving him the chance to break in if he decides that he should. Various systems are being used; all of them seek to give the pilot some "visual presentation" of what he is assumed by definition, in the blind landing system, not to be able to see. This would leave the pilot, at his option, in command of the aircraft; able to leave it all to the automatic landing system, or to select alternative but not contradictory paths of approach or landing, which can be "fitted into" the path automatically guided already.

Automatic landing systems of this nature are not simply an insurance against fog or a protection against accident in landing. They represent an attempt to reduce strain on pilots, which has already mounted enormously with the years of progress in aircraft sizes and speeds, and will reach potentially impossible burdens in the handling of really big supersonic aircraft of the "Concord" type, which Britain and France are now committed to build. Take-off and landing speeds for today's big jets are already such as to concentrate vital decisions by the pilot into a frighteningly short space of time, with far too little margin for error. Airline pilots understandably protest when air crashes are written off too easily as due to "pilot error." Yet it is clear that technical development has fined down the amount of error that can make a tragic difference to, say, the landing of an airliner to a degree undreamed of 20 years ago.

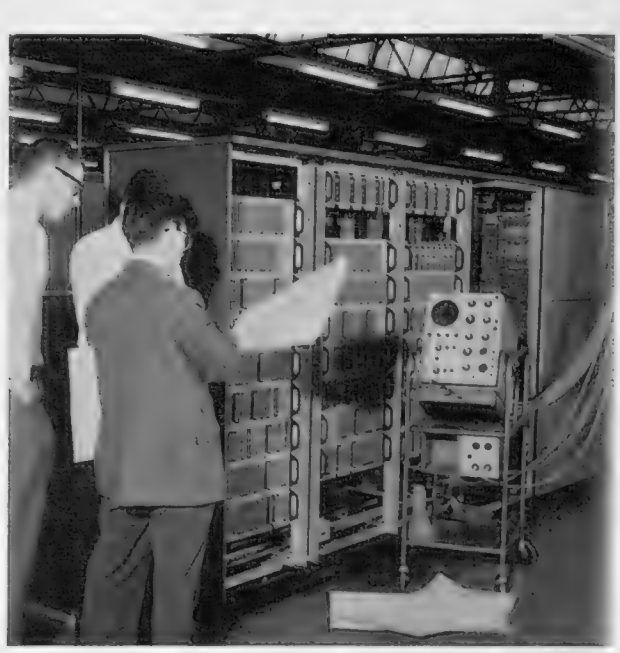
Advanced equipment for guiding aircraft during the final stages of automatic landings is demonstrated at Hurn Airport, Bournemouth, by Standard Telephones and Cables Ltd. Known as an ILS localiser, it has an aerial which radiates a sharp, stable beam to enable the automatic pilot to keep in line with the centre of the runway

Supersonic airliners, moreover, will have less time to spare waiting to land. Delays through bad visibility at airports nowadays often keep aircraft circling, "stacked" in the air; but the vast appetite for fuel of the jets that we are now setting out to build will make this extraordinarily expensive. The chance of avoiding delays of this kind, throughout the operational life of an aircraft liable to cost as much as an ocean liner does today, will justify quite heavy spending on the provision of automatic landing equipment.

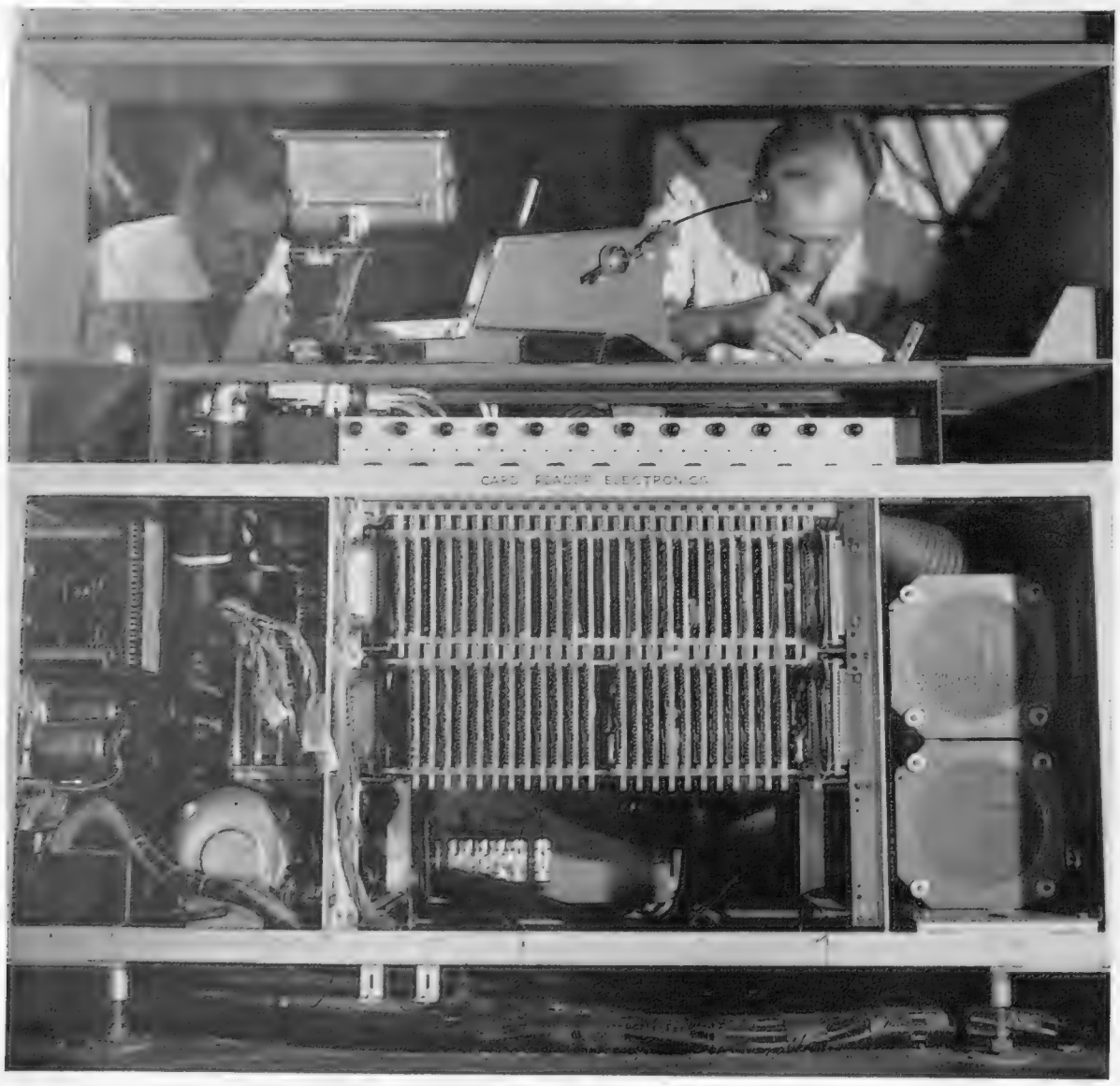
So the economics of automatic landing do not depend simply upon standardising and bringing down the cost of manufacture of the systems eventually chosen by the world's airlines. On the other side of the ledger, the cost of delay—and of insurance against loss of lives and the vessel—is steadily mounting. It is clear that by the time a thoroughly acceptable system of automatic landing is ready for the world's airlines, they will find it economic to instal one.

Two stages in the production of an I.C.T. 1301 computer at the company's Stevenage works—assembling the mechanical section of the one-line output printer and **below:** the photo-electric card reader

Testing the computer in the final stage of assembly. Left is the



Carrying out tests of the intricate set-up of circuits in the bays of the central processor

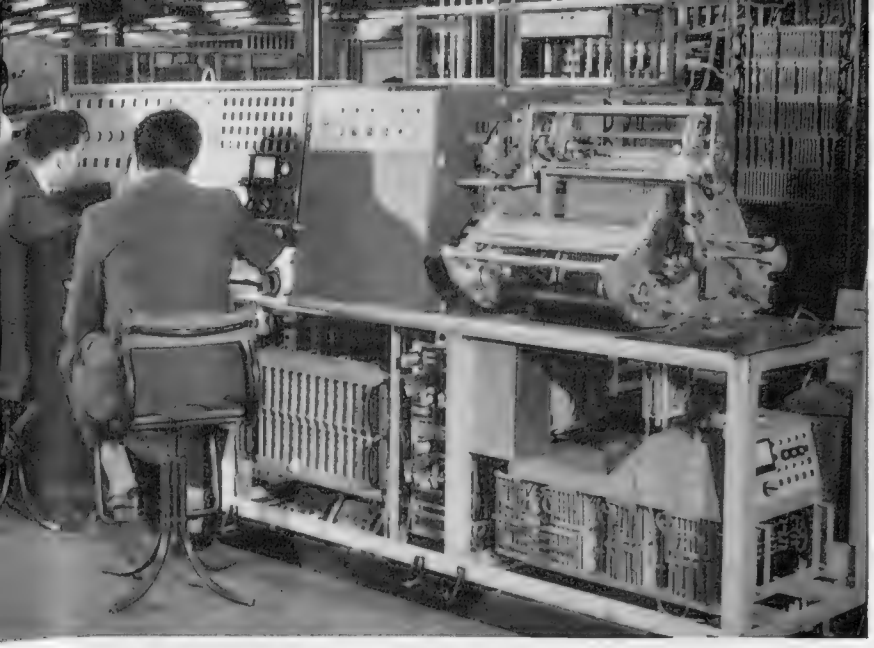


MAKING A COMPUTER

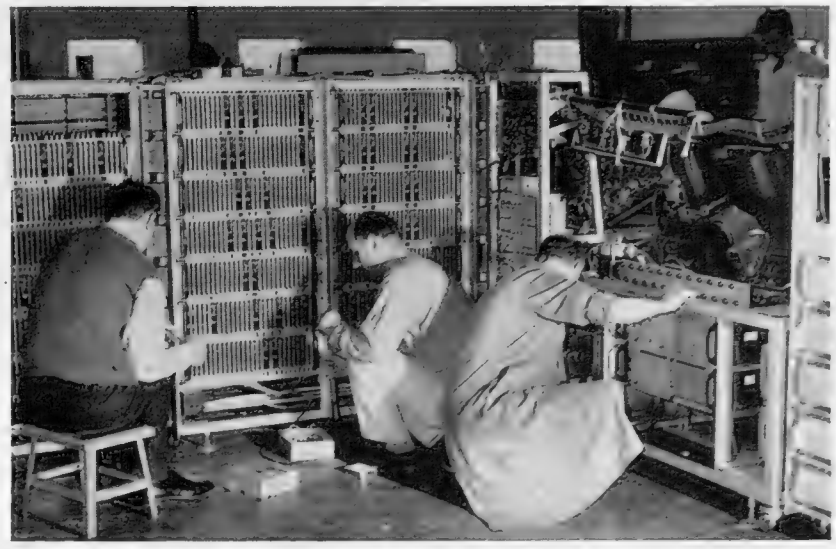
at I.C.T.'s Stevenage Works

An electronic computer is basically a simple calculating machine which is actuated by a planned programme of operations set up in a language the machine understands. Despite its extraordinary speed and accuracy, the computer does its work by using only the four arithmetical processes, addition, subtraction, multiplication and division. Its operating characteristics are that it is automatic, each of its actions controlling the next; it is electronic, working with short, rapid impulses of negative electricity; it possesses a built-in memory, a storage device retaining a vast quantity of data and instructions; and is capable of making decisions, based on data stored in its memory. An electronic computer works at dazzling speed, but although it can outstrip the human mind in restricted fields, it cannot do all that a human mind can do. It was the imagination and creativity of the human mind which after all invented the computer.

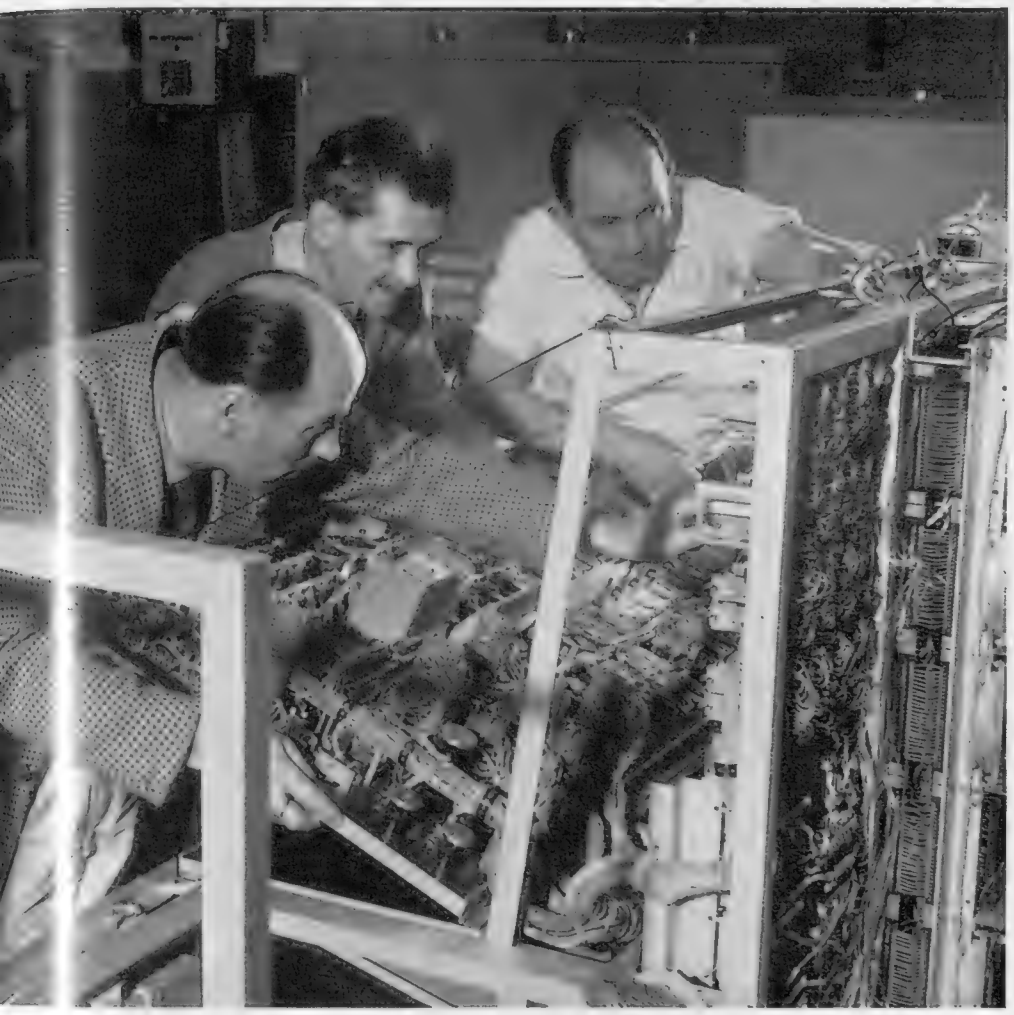
(*Continued on page 472*)



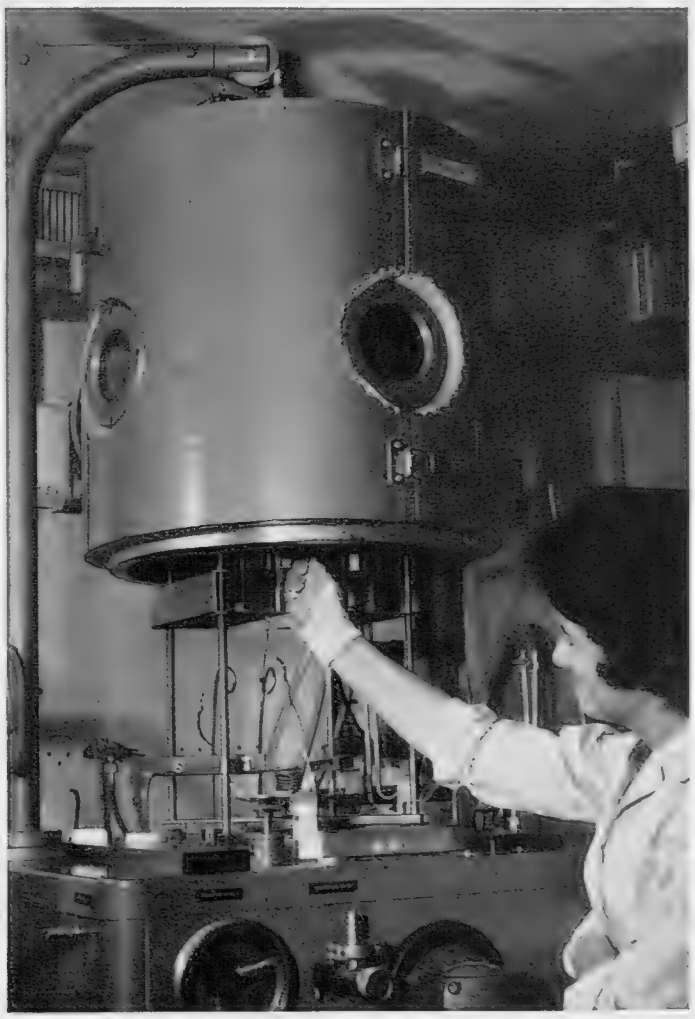
nch, centre the control console and right the output printer



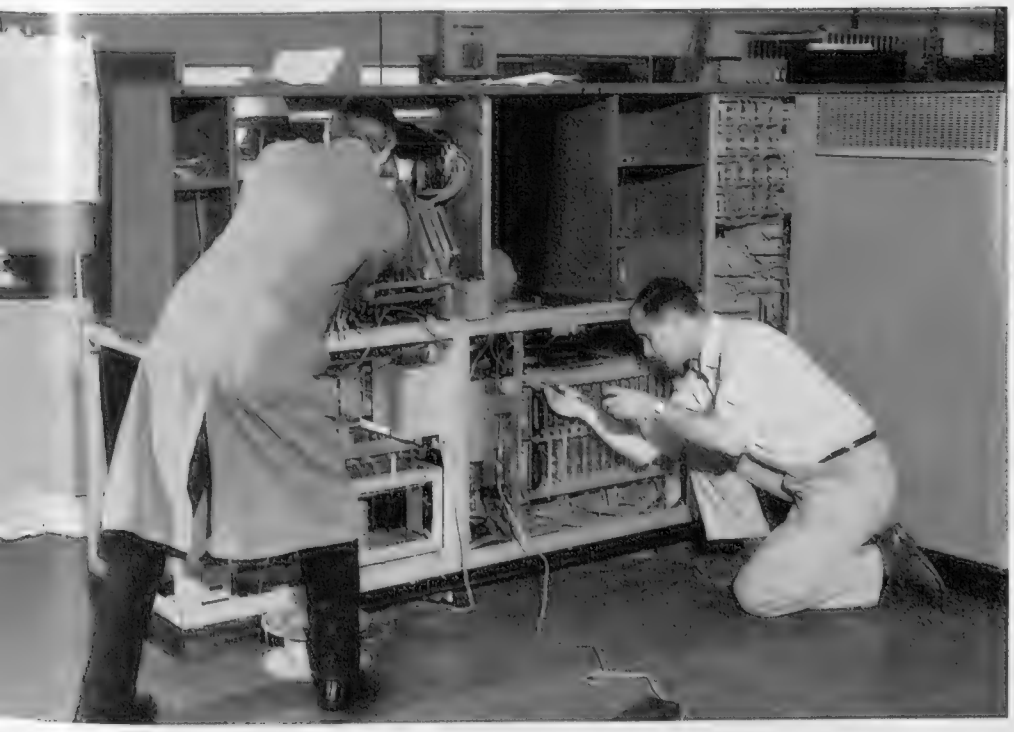
Connecting the photo-electric card reader to the central processor bays



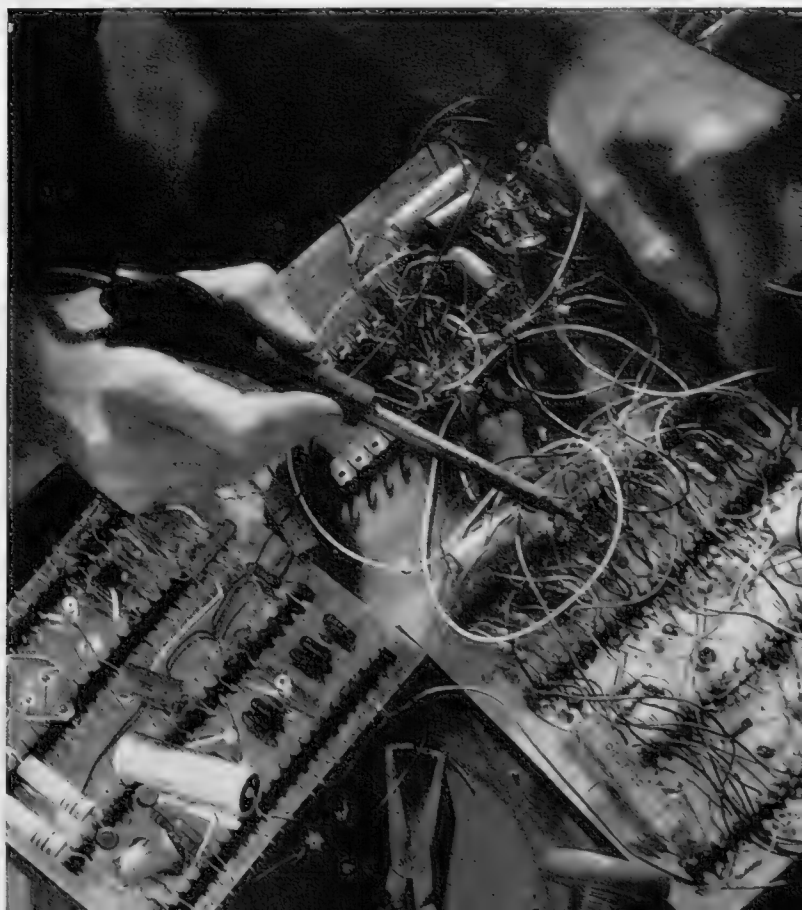
he tricky task of fitting the control panel to the console

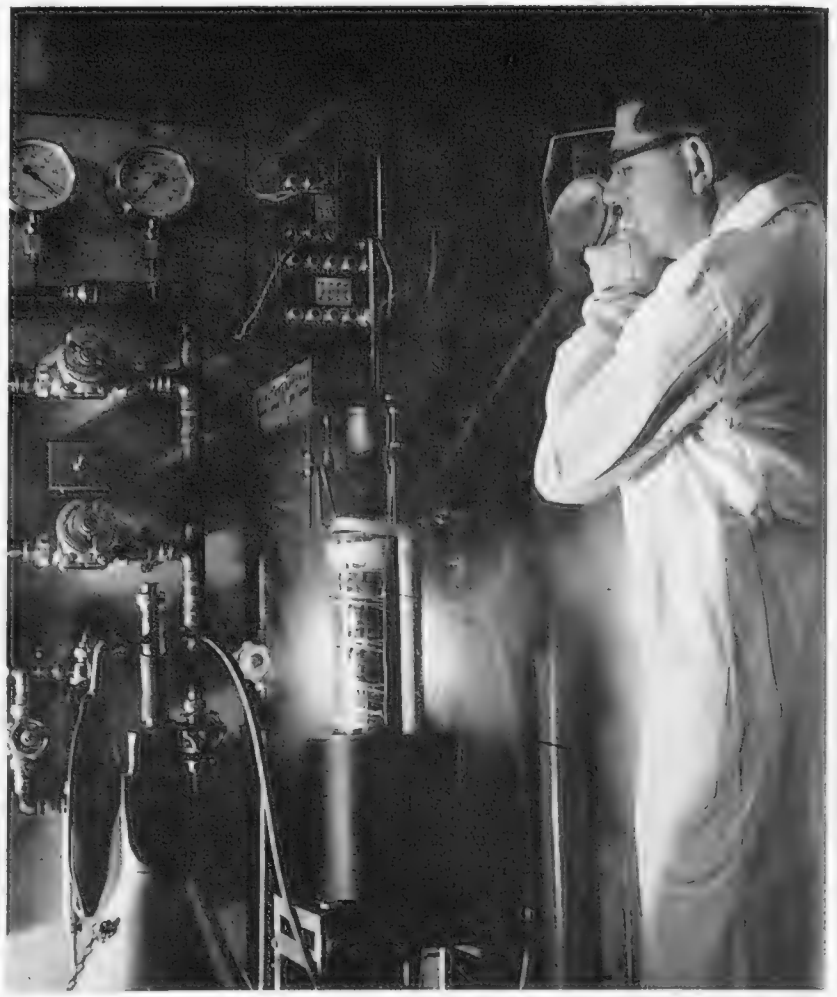


Adjusting the vacuum apparatus used to prepare the magnetic films



Wiring up connections in the output printer. **Right :** In the research laboratory an engineer makes adjustments to an experimental computing circuit





Checking an experimental memory unit. **Right:** A physicist, preparing to measure the super-conductive properties of tin at —269 deg. C., fills the apparatus with liquid nitrogen

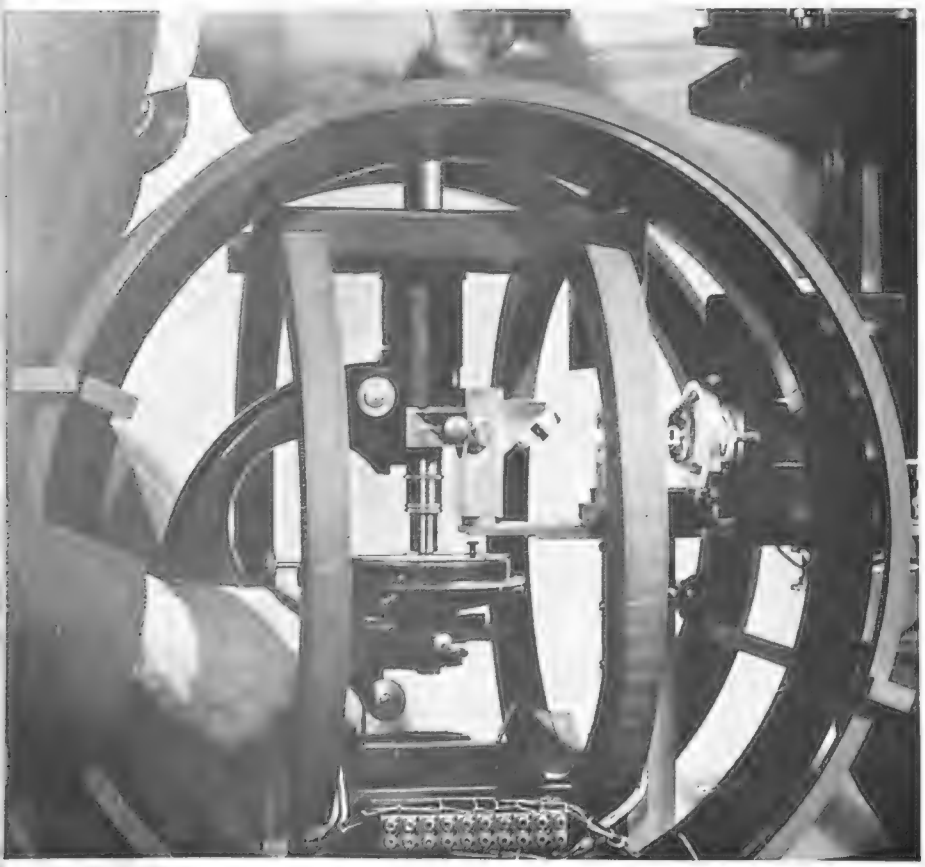
MAKING A COMPUTER

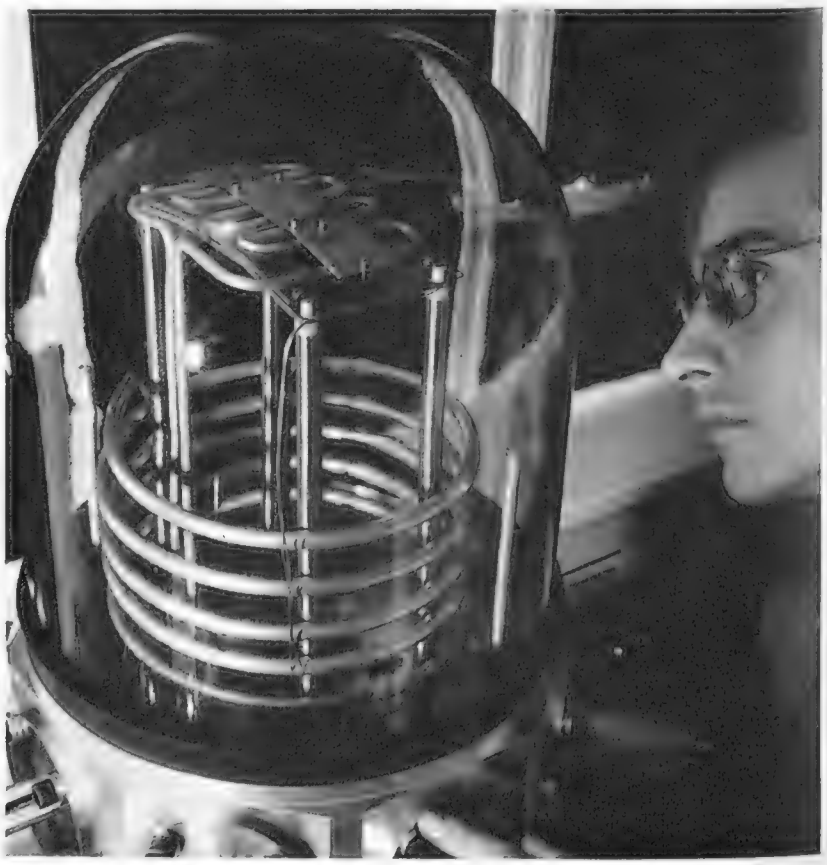
(*Continued from page 470*)

The photographs on these pages were taken during the manufacture of I.C.T.'s 1301 electronic computer (specially designed for business use) and of work in the advanced research and development laboratories at Stevenage. International Computers and Tabulators Ltd. came into being as the result of a merger in 1959 of two leading manufacturers of punched card equipment—British Tabulating Machine Co. and Powers-Samas Accounting Machines. I.C.T. is Britain's largest manufacturer of data processing equipment.

In physical terms, a computer is a system of electronic or electro-mechanical units, interconnected by cables, the selection of the units being determined by the work to be undertaken. This is a simple description of a highly complicated machine. It has a central processor, which is mainly electronic and which comprises the calculating elements, a memory or store, and a control device which, through the programme or set of instructions, causes the various units to come into action. To feed data and the programme into the memory, there are input units. These read the data from perforated cards or paper tape and present it in machine language. Partially processed information, such as carry-forward balances, may be stored on magnetic tape, and fed to the processor through a different unit. In addition, data may be stored externally, usually on magnetic tapes, drums or discs.

Finally, there are the output units which present the results in various forms. Chief of them is a printer which produces the invoices, pay-slips or whatever documents are required. This may be supplemented by a machine which punches cards or tape to carry forward information to the next processing period. Output printers have been developed to work at a speed to match that of the computers they serve. They may be capable of putting 1,000 lines of print—which can be up to 132 characters wide—on to paper each minute.





Using polarised light to study domain patterns in thin magnetic-film memory elements. **Right :** Another stage in adjusting the vacuum apparatus for the preparation of the film

For what is believed to be the first time in the construction of a multi-storey public or domestic building, Coventry Corporation are using Costain's Jackblock method on a 17-storey block of flats at Barras Heath. In this method construction takes place at low level, beginning with the roof, and the entire structure is raised by hydraulic jacks to its final position. The jacking is done in a fortnightly cycle, and the finishings start when the structural floor slab has been jacked one storey. Men are not required to work at heights beyond five storeys, thus substantially reducing costs. The block was designed by Arthur Ling, Coventry City Architect and Planning Officer, in association with H. Stanley Smith, Chief Architect of Richard Costain (Construction), Ltd.

BUILDING DOWNWARDS IN COVENTRY

Concrete is being poured for the main floor beams. Above is the floor which has just been jacked. **Below:** Locking rings are tightened in the jacking chamber

INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

AN XMAS SHARE

By "THE SPHERE" CITY CORRESPONDENT

For investors, Christmas raises a two-fold problem. In the first place, Christmas brings prosperity to a number of industries some of which may be overlooked during the rest of the year. In the second place, investors, in common with other people, face the problem of gifts. The typical shrewd investor will want to combine two aims—of making a gift that is appropriate to the season and, at the same time, valuable to the recipient.

Choosing presents of this kind would tax the skill of even the most resourceful investor, but the principles are clear enough. What is the most suitable present, for instance, to an elderly relation who wants a gift that will prove solid and reliable and yet will bring a clear reminder of Christmas? The answer to this gift problem is without doubt £1 "A" ordinary shares in J. Lyons and Co. Even the most un-financial of elderly relations is bound to have heard of Lyons, though he might be surprised to learn that Lyons' assets total £49,000,000 and that its profits exceed £1,000,000 after all charges, including tax.

He might also be surprised to learn the extent of its interests, which cover hotels, institutional catering, computer hiring and tea growing as well as the famous tea-shops. He should be impressed by the steady but sure pace of Lyons' expansion over recent years, with net profits rising from £1,050,000 in 1959 to just under £1,200,000 in the period to March 1962. Over the same period, shareholders' dividends have been raised from $14\frac{1}{6}$ per cent. to $15\frac{5}{6}$ per cent., a combination of growth and conservatism that is bound to impress even the most sceptical of an investors' relatives. At the same time, Lyons shares provide an adequate income for their holders: they can now be bought to yield more than 4 per cent.

An investor planning a Christmas gift to his wife has a rather greater difficulty. The share must be seasonal, it must be widely known, and above all it must prove a successful investment. Few companies' shares can offer this combination of qualities: one is Cope, Allman, a fast-growing company whose business includes making lipstick containers. This has developed rapidly over recent years and Cope, Allman have also moved into the European aerosol market and carried through a series of acquisitions. These include Troman Smith and Wade Smith, engineers, Wills (Bournemouth) and a South African plastics firm.

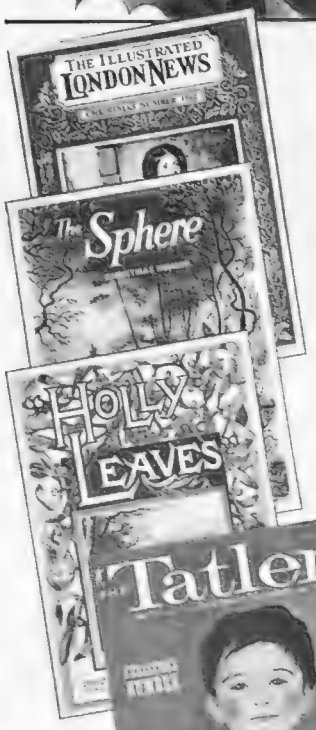
Cope, Allman's financial record also rates as impressive. Since the group reached its present form four to five years ago, profits have more than trebled to some £150,000 and shareholders' dividend has risen from nil in 1957 to the equivalent of well over 50 per cent. for 1962.

Cope, Allman offers useful growth possibilities, but at least one of an investor's relatives will want something rather more exciting—such as the possibility of a take-over bid.

One company well known at Christmas and which has often been suggested in the City—rightly or wrongly—as a bid prospect is Williams and Humbert, the sherry shippers. This company, which goes back to the nineteenth century, was made public only seven years ago. Profits have tended to fluctuate (after doubling in 1960 to £175,000, earnings fell back to £148,000 during 1961) but the trend has been clearly upwards. Shareholders' dividends have been doubled from 20 per cent. just after the marketing to last year's equivalent of 40 per cent. Results for the year now ending must depend to some extent on Christmas trade, but last May, the chairman hoped that better trade in Britain and overseas would enable the group to make good the 1961 profit setback.

Having satisfied the needs of relatives of the same age, the gift-giving investor will have to think hard about the younger members of his family—nephews or nieces or perhaps even grandchildren. What is the most suitable present for them, so that they will remember the giver with gratitude and respect over the years to come? On the principle that children provide their own market, a suitable gift would be Pasolds, makers of Ladybird clothes. This company, headed by Mr. E. W. Pasold and linked with the City merchant bank of Hart Son, has grown at a striking rate in recent years. Since 1959 alone, profits have risen from £300,000 to just short of £450,000 while shareholders' dividend has been increased from an effective 12 per cent. to $17\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. During 1961-62, Pasold's rate of growth slowed down and the dividend yield is still small. But the company is now well entrenched in a fast-expanding market, so that the low yield should be more than offset by long-term growth.

This leaves the investor with one problem outstanding—himself. What is the best gift that an investor, perhaps more shrewd and cynical than most men, should offer himself ? For an investor whose thoughts will probably turn on post-Christmas problems, rather than on current Christmas celebrations, Aspro-Nicholas the well-known chemical and pharmaceutical group are an attractive choice. Profits fell sharply last year, from some £450,000 to £280,000 because of the effects of the 1961 budget and problems in Aspro's United States business. But shareholders' dividends were held at 14 per cent. and the group's high-quality management—linked with the City bank of S. G. Warburg—should produce better results over the next year or so. With his Aspro-Nicholas 5s. shares, the investor can enjoy Christmas with a $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. yield, prospects of strong medium-term recovery—and perhaps just a slight feeling of superiority over his fellow-men.



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GREET YOUR GUESTS WITH

FINDLATER'S SHERRIES

GOOD LIVING *By Ganymede*

The lights were dimmed, then went out completely. A single spotlight swung round and found its focus on the entrance flanked by trumpeters dressed in scarlet. Fanfares rang out, and between them a messenger appeared carrying a silver salver held high. He stood to attention for a moment, for all to see clearly, then marched in measured steps to the top table and took up a position behind the guest of honour, held in the spotlight beam all the while.

There was silent activity in the darkened room, the flames of spirit lamps blinking mysteriously here and there, and, finally, a waitress brought an exact replica of the silver salver and its contents to our table. More followed and, one by one, we all had it in front of us: a slightly bulging envelope with a bright red seal; the lights came on again.

This was the ingenious way in which the first course at the Annual Banquet of the Réunion des Gastronomes was presented. This exclusive society of professional restaurateurs entertains its members and their guests to a very special banquet once a year. This year, for the second time running, which is very unusual, the honour of preparing the feast had fallen on Charles Bradshaw and Charles Jean Beaufort, Manager and Chef Cuisinier respectively of the Trocadero.

Le Pli Cacheté, as the first course was called, was based on a legend connected with the poet Ronsard. To save on the cost of the meal he was giving his guests, he had the habit of offering some of his latest verses in a sealed envelope as a course. There was no such meanness involved this time however, for inside the envelope, which was wholly edible including the seal, we found a generous piece of *foie gras* on a slice of ham. In his " programme notes " Maître Beaufort modestly explained: " N'ayant pas le talent de Ronsard, nous vous présentons un pli à notre façon."

At the inauguration of the "No. 7" Trade Centre at 7, Berkeley Street, London, are, from left, Mr. B. Lang, director of Booth's Distilleries; Major Durnan Macgregor, director of Kitdurn Ltd., owners of No. 7; Mr Michael B. Henderson, managing director of Booth's; Mr. C. W. Chippindall-Higgin, director of Kitdurn; and Mr. D. N. Strachan, director of Booth's. Booth's were the first firm to stage an exhibition at No. 7. London's oldest-established gin-distillery (founded in 1740), they are showing the complete range of their products until December 22

The next course took us to the shores of the blue Mediterranean. La Soupe Phocéene honoured the memory of the Phoenicians, who founded Marseilles and brought saffron with them to become the typical condiment of the south. It was a most authentic version of the dish. My host said he could distinguish the flavour of octopus in the broth.

The Fine Tranche de Filet de Bœuf which followed was served with " Sauce Thomas," a creation of Mr. Bradshaw, whose second name is Thomas. This is his story: one fine summer's morning he wandered into his garden and to his great surprise found that his pride and joy, his lawn, was covered with innumerable white specks, which he found to be mushrooms. Taking advantage of this godsend, he gathered a shallot on his way and headed straight for his kitchen. There he fried the mushrooms with the finely chopped shallot in butter. Like a good gastronome he also added a little sherry, a couple of spoonfuls of good beef stock and a little cream. He was so pleased with the result that ever since this sauce is presented on special occasions. And this is how famous sauces are born, for I am sure that, after this banquet, Sauce Thomas will be seen on many occasions.

The salad that went with the next course, roast partridge, was another original creation called La Salade de Norfolk. It consisted of endives, chestnuts, walnuts and raisins with the usual vinaigrette dressing. Chunks of Stilton were served next, and the banquet culminated—if we disregard the speeches—with (hot) cherries flambé and a marasquino-flavoured soufflé glacé.

I was Mr. Bradshaw's guest, and these were the wines we had at our table: Muscadet 1960, Batard Montrachet 1959, Château Latour 1950, Bollinger N.V., and Taylor's 1948. The claret was full, yet soft, proud of its bouquet and breed. Although the year was not one of the greatest ones for this famous first growth of the Médoc, it showed clear evidence of its greatness. It had reached a satisfying stage of its development, but held a promise of a happy future for a number of years to come.

It was sad to contemplate that this was the last time such a banquet was to be held at the old " Troc." No more bookings for functions are being accepted after June next year in view of the uncertainty connected with the Piccadilly development scheme.

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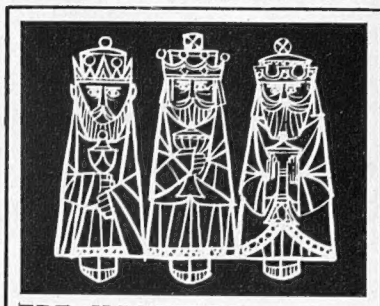

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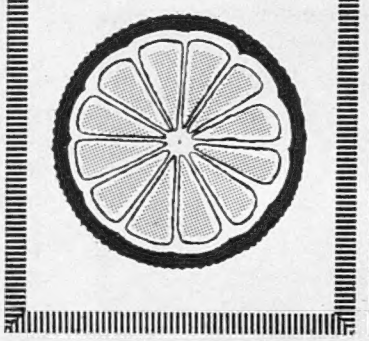

"To emphasise his point, Sir Charles said that we seem no longer to be a nation of shopkeepers, or of beef-eaters, but instead a nation of Cointreau on the Rocks drinkers, which he thought very intelligent of us." —*Grommet and Gearwheel Age.*

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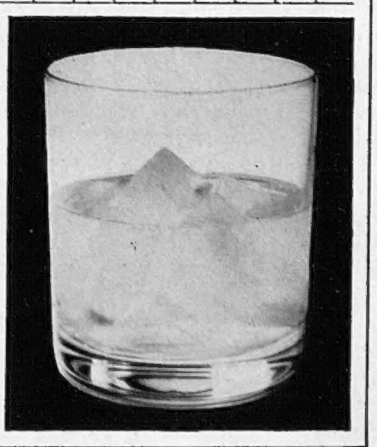

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MOTORING

BIGGER PROVING GROUNDS?

The report of the Motor Industry Research Association

By **COURTENAY EDWARDS**

If the Motor Industry Research Association's proving ground at Lindley, near Nuneaton, is to continue serving the industry adequately it must be substantially extended. This is stated in the Association's annual report, which records that member companies last year used the proving ground for a record total of 64,628 hours: an increase of 30 per cent. on the previous year. The proving ground has varied facilities for testing cars in relative secrecy, including a high-speed track, water splashes, a dust tunnel and stretches of rough road, Belgian-style pavé among them.

Valuable research work is done in M.I.R.A.'s laboratories, workshops and test installations and the establishment has a high reputation throughout the world. The ordinary British motorist owes much to M.I.R.A. for the safety, comfort, reliability and quietness of his family car. Among the wide variety of problems studied last year were the rolling resistance of tyres, the influence of road salt on vehicle corrosion, the cause of windscreen smearing and air pollution. M.I.R.A. is financed by the motor industry with a measure of help from the Exchequer which the big firms think is inadequate when related to the industry's export achievements and its importance as an employer of labour.

Another research establishment of importance to the motor industry which has lately been in the news is the Triplex company's laboratory at Balsall Common, Warwickshire, which has just celebrated its fifth anniversary. The firm's biggest technical advance during that period, according to Mr. Barrie Heath, managing director, was the development of zone-toughened windscreens. He told me that when the process is perfected the driver of a car whose screen is shattered will be left with up to 75 per cent. vision. He will be able to continue his journey in safety and comfort and have the damaged screen replaced at his convenience. Mr. Heath recalled the days when safety glass manufacturers, of whom Triplex are Britain's biggest, " were simply the people who filled up the holes with glass." Now, he said, there was the closest collaboration between themselves and the car designers.

By 1965 it will be possible to drive for 24 miles along a motorway from the Chiswick Flyover to Maidenhead Thicket, where the London-South Wales motorway—M.4—will link up with A.4. An important step in the road building programme which will achieve this has just been announced by the Ministry of Transport: the award of a £6,361,000 contract for the construction of a seven-mile length of motorway from Boston Manor Park up to and including the London Airport Spur. The contract has gone jointly to Richard Costain and Higgs and Hill, which are already jointly engaged on the construction of the Slough by-pass (which also forms part of M.4 and which is scheduled for opening next spring).

The £6·3 million contract is due for completion by the end of 1964, by which date the two-miles-long viaduct from the Chiswick Flyover to Boston Manor Park, now being built, will also be finished.

The four miles of motorway linking the London Airport Spur to the Slough by-pass at Langley should be ready in 1965. Thus does Britain's motorway system gradually take shape, while Government spokesmen are defending its first major unit—M.1—from Parliamentary criticism. Mr. John Hay, the Transport Ministry's Joint Parliamentary Secretary, stated in the Commons recently that in spite of the cost of the M.1 repairs the London-Birmingham motorway was still a very good bargain for the nation and one of the cheapest of all motorways for its size.

As M.4 reaches out towards the projected Severn Bridge, as work goes forward on M.6, and as plans for extending M.1 northwards take positive shape, the Transport Minister announces a competition to find the best possible design for the 226-feet-span bridge which will take the Sheffield-Leeds section of M.1 over the River Calder in the West Riding near Wakefield. A panel of judges headed by Sir Herbert Manzoni has been asked to award a first prize of £5,000 plus further prizes, in its discretion, to a maximum of £3,000.

Trying out the new Trojan " 200 " convertible on the Lambretta-Trojan stand at the Cycle and Motor Cycle Show which was held at Earls Court from November 10-17

Only four weeks, now, to the start of the Monte Carlo rally. The British contingent—105 cars—is again the biggest of the lot. Sixty-three of them will start from Glasgow, 25 from Paris, five from Frankfurt, five from Stockholm, five from Monte Carlo, one from Lisbon and one from Warsaw. The only starting point from which no British teams will set out is Athens. The rally starts on Saturday, January 19, and the cars will be due in Monaco on the following Tuesday. Somehow or other the organisers contrive to prolong the programme until the Saturday, when the prizegiving takes place. Many competitors find it difficult to justify such a long stay in the principality, but there is no objection from the local hotels and bars.

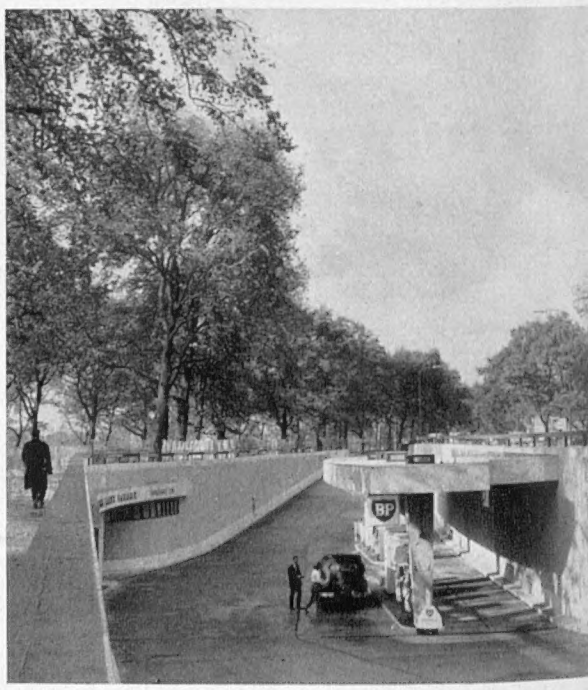
All eight rally streams from the different starting points converge on Chambéry, in the French Alps, and follow a common route to Monte Carlo. It totals some 493 miles and is divided into six stages with tight time schedules over tricky and perhaps icy Alpine roads. The results of the rally will be largely decided on this vital section of the route, which has to be tackled by weary crews in cars that are sometimes just as tired.

Now for some news about the latest accessories and gadgets. . . . I made good use in the recent foggy, frosty weather of one of Charleson Components' " Frost Free " windscreen covers: a length of neatly bound hessian which you place over the screen and hold fast by closing the car doors on the two ends. Price 12s. 6d. each. . . . I don't go for them myself, but let me place on record that Cranford Developments Ltd. offer for 27s. 6d. an illuminated " Please Pass " sign in a plastic moulding which can be located in the rear window or, being weatherproof, at the back of the car.

Television Installation Services, makers of the " Dipyt " automatic headlight-dipping equipment, have now evolved a separate automatic parking light which switches itself on at dusk and off at dawn. It is transistorised and controlled by a cadmium sulphide light-reacting cell. Price 47s. 6d. . . . The new Schrader spark plug air pump obviates the need for hand or foot pumping when normal compressed air facilities are not available. The pump is screwed into the engine in place of one of the spark plugs and, while the motor is ticking over, pumps clean air (not, as might be supposed, a petrol/air mixture) to a pressure of 80 lb. and upwards. The standard type with 12 feet of hose costs 26s. 6d.; the gauge type, with pressure dial and 16 feet of hose, is 47s. 6d.

Briefly . . . Sir Reginald Pearson, popular deputy chairman of Vauxhall Motors Ltd., has retired after 43 years with the firm. . . . British racing driver Peter Arundell drove a carefully scrutineered Formula Junior Lotus 30 times round Italy's Monza circuit at an average speed of 115·23 m.p.h., to refute German allegations that Colin Chapman's Lotuses have only been winning races because their engines were bigger than the permitted size. . . . The motoring organisations, the Society of Motor Manufacturers and other bodies are agitating for a White Paper and a Parliamentary debate before the Government makes up its mind on the Channel tunnel and bridge projects. . . . Lesney Products, makers of the " Matchbox " range of model cars and other vehicles, have plans to build in east London a new £750,000 factory which will be Europe's biggest and most modern toy plant. . . .

In their choice of Dunlop disc brakes for all four wheels, the Italian firms of Ferrari and Lancia have been joined by the younger A.S.A. and Iso firms for, respectively, their Milan-built, Bertone-bodied one-litre A.S.A. coupé and 5·3-litre, Chevrolet-engined Iso Rivolta.



A general view of the Park Lane main entrance to the new underground car park at Hyde Park, London, showing the BP service station, which is open 24 hours a day. The car park has a capacity for 1,100 vehicles

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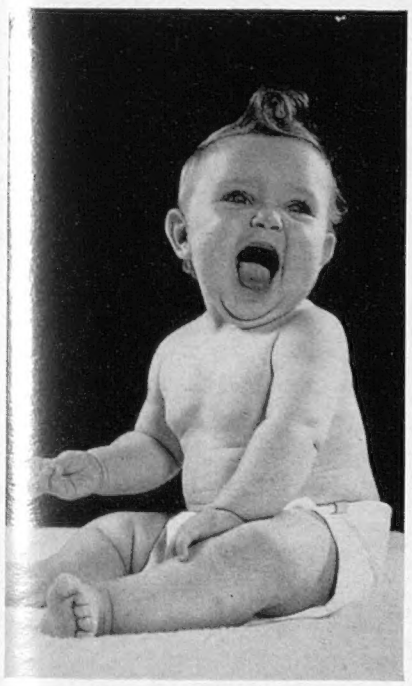

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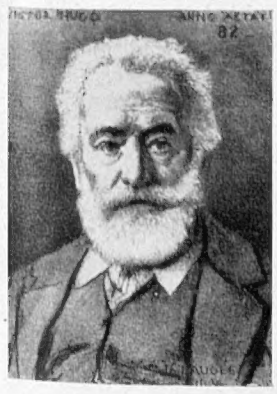

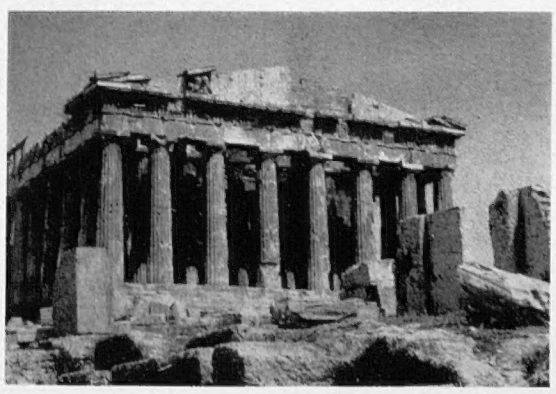

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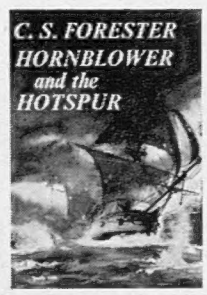

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